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AN OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCES.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

I was brought up in the north of Ireland. A very stirring place it was, too, "the spot where I was born on" (as the nigger song has it), and many a strange scene I have witnessed in my time. My native county was one of the great strongholds of Orangeism, and we, poor Catholics, being far in the minority, only lived on sufferance, as it were. My young readers can hardly realize to themselves such a state of things, but it was a sad and stern reality to their fathers, and mothers, too, for that matter, for neither sex, age, nor condition afforded any security during that dreary time which was, indeed, a "Reign of Terror." The shock of the social earthquake of '98 was past—I can hardly say I remember it—and the country was again supposed to be tranquil—I say *supposed*, for the tranquillity was only apparent—like to the summer verdure which clothes the sides of Etna while the roar of the boiling lava is heard within its bowels. Orangeism was rampant and raging. From the grassy knolls of Cavan to the iron-bound coasts of Antrim and Donegal, the fair and fertile province of Ulster was the prey of the fiercest dissensions. Justice for Catholics there was none—indeed, they ceased to expect it, for the laws were administered by their sworn enemies. Orangemen were on the magisterial bench, Orangemen were at the bar, Orangemen filled the jury-box, even the judicial ermine was not free from the odious taint, and judges were often known to act and to speak as the most violent partizans. The landed proprietors were all Protestants—very many of them Orangemen. In short, dear reader, that was the age of Orangeism. Its star was in the ascendant and shed its malignant glare, as I have said, over the whole of Ulster—portions of the other provinces—particular places here and there, such as Sligo, Bandon, Boyle, &c., &c., were afflicted with this deadly plague-spot, but Ulster was smitten from end to end. The Catholics were, for the most part, the poor, small farmers, cottiers, and laborers—their enemies were the rich, the noble, the powerful. Every office was in their hands; from the Lord Lieutenant of the county to the humble, yet arrogant cess-collector, all were of the dominant faction, and the only friend the poor Ulster Catholic had on earth was "the priest"—his own "*Soggarth aroon*," so sweetly sung by our lost Banim. Ah! dear reader, it was in those dark, dark days that the hearts of Catholic Ireland was filled to overflowing with deep, and passionate, and devoted love for the priesthood—like the ivy it twined itself around that venerable—that heaven-supported oak, and the sublime devotion then strengthened, if not conceived, has never since lost its fervor, and with God's good aid never will.

The very natural result of the Orange oppression was that the Catholic peasantry, finding themselves delivered over to their enemies bound neck and heels, were forced to fall back on their own strength, and by banding together in secret societies, they foiled the foe with his own weapons. Of course, none of us will pretend to defend Ribbonism, or any other secret society, as such, but still the fact is patent to all, that the Catholic peasantry of Ulster were driven into secret combinations by the merciless oppression of the faction which then ruled the land. This is not the place to go at any length into the baneful effects of Orangeism, or any other *ism*. I merely meant to give a few incidents from the page of memory—incidents connected with what was called the Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland. It may be well to observe beforehand that each of the following is "an over true tale," with little or no embellishment on my part.

Some twenty years ago, or thereabouts, there lived in one of the northern counties—Antrim, I rather think—a titled lady of great pretensions in the evangelical world. Quite a Protestant saint was her ladyship whom I shall call Lady Macaulay for want of a better cognomen, as I do not care to give her real name, an ancient and rather a distinguished one in the country. Well! her ladyship being, as I said, a *very* pious woman, was, of course, boiling over with zeal for the conversion, as she said, of the Papists on Lord Macaulay's estates, and they happened to be quite numerous there too. So to work went this good lady—kind, benevolent soul! building the nicest and snuggest of little school-houses here and there in pretty nooks all over her lord's domains, especially where the surrounding peasantry chanced to be "followers of the great superstition." Accomplished teachers, both male and female, were imported from more favored climes—probably from the moon, for all the people knew—books and all other such school-apparatus, were provided in abundance, and, in short, every incentive held out to induce the benighted Papists of those parts to place their poor little children under the motherly care of Lady Macaulay. Her ladyship's success was, somehow, by no means equal to her expectations, whereat she was much amazed. There were her nice school-houses, her exceedingly nice teachers, her piles of Testaments and "blue looks,"* and there were any number of Protestant juveniles who needed not conversion, but alas! there were few, very few of the unregenerate children of Papists. Now this was strange, wholly unaccountable in fact, and her ladyship very logically concluding that an effect must have a cause, began to cast about in her own mind for the cause of so strange an effect. It so happened that the parish priest there was a man of much zeal and energy as well as piety, and on him Lady Macaulay's suspicions fell. He must be the wire-drawer, she sagaciously thought, and if he could be only won over all would be plain sailing. Many a gentle wile was practised in order to bring the priest to look more favorably on the benevolent scheme, but all to no purpose—the good pastor never could be convinced, and never was convinced, that Lady Macaulay's schools were the best for bringing up Catholic children, and what was still worse, he actually did manage, with the small means at his command, to provide schools and teachers, too, for the youth of his parish. This was high treason against the supreme authority and territorial rights of Lady Macaulay, and she vowed revenge—a Christian revenge, of course. "A Christian revenge!" I think I hear my readers repeat, and, I dare say, they are quite anxious to know what manner of revenge that was. Their minds are doubtless running on the Baptistical idea of doing good for evil, and so on, but that was the farthest thing in the world from Lady Macaulay's thoughts. Now what expedient do you think she hit upon?—you would never guess. I presume, so I may as well tell you at once. The parochial chapel—Catholic churches were all *chapels* in those days—being several miles distant from that part of the parish where Lord Macaulay's mansion was situate, a chapel of ease had been built many years before on ground given for the purpose by himself or his immediate predecessor. This chapel was, of course, a great convenience to the poor peasantry of the neighborhood, a fact which was well known to Lady Macaulay. One fine day she sent a message to Mr. Hughes, the priest, that she required the building for another purpose, and that he must quit directly. The priest, of course, remonstrated, at first very mildly, then more strongly; he represented, to be sure, that his parishioners had put up the edifice at their own expense, and that its mortar was moistened with the sweat of their brow. No matter for that, her ladyship said, the ground belonged to Lord Macaulay, so, by consequence, did the house, too. If he chose, she condescendingly added, to remove the building to some other locality, she would have no objection, but she had made up her mind that no such pest-house should longer disgrace their property, and so the fact of it was, he must go elsewhere with his Popish mummery. It was no use appealing to his lordship who was of one mind with his excellent wife—law was, of course, out of the question—the very idea was preposterous, of a priest or his parishioners going to law with Lord Macaulay. If there had been even the ghost of a chance of success, Mr. Hughes was just the man to make the attempt, but as it was, it would be only making bad worse, and encumbering himself with legal costs which he could ill afford to pay. In fact, the Orange magistrates of the vicinity would not even entertain such a suit. There was nothing, then, to be gained by resistance so all that the poor priest could do was to submit as quietly as possible, and remove the scanty ornaments and church furniture from the premises with as little delay as possible.

It was a sorrowful day to the humble worshippers who had so long frequented that house of prayer when they saw their altar removed from its ancient place, the colored prints in deal frames representing the Stations of the Cross taken down from the walls, and the little stone fonts from which they had been wont to sprinkle themselves with the emblematic water of life! Their hot Celtic blood took fire at the crying injustice of which they were the victims, and it required all the influence of their pastor to keep their just anger from breaking out in open violence against the perpetrators of this sacrilegious robbery. "Vengeance is not for us, my Christian brethren," said the pastor, himself weighed down with sorrow for the desecration of his little temple, and the cruel oppression of his faithful flock, "Vengeance is not for us—neither would it do us any good to take the law into our own hands, for our enemies have the strong arm of power, and we should but bring down misery and destruction on ourselves without any possibility of obtaining redress. Let us leave our cause to the God whom we have so long and so faithfully worshipped here. He will deal with the oppressors in his own good time and vindicate the honor of his holy house. If He is pleased to let them desecrate it, for His own wise purpose it is, and we have only to say His holy will be done!"

Loud and deep were the murmurs of the people, but still they never dreamed of disobeying the priest whose word was law amongst them. So the chapel was deserted *per force*, and the consecrated walls left in all their nakedness to be converted to what purpose soever the noble owners might in their wisdom devise. The purpose was not long concealed; indeed, it was just what the priest had secretly expected, knowing, as he did, Lady Macaulay's burning zeal for the suppression of Popery, and, accessory thereto, the advancement of enlightened evangelical education. A school-house did she make of the chapel, dear reader, not because her other school-houses were full, but because they were *not* full. That was "the head and front of the offending." So far, however, from this extreme measure advancing her cause, it threw it back considerably, for the few Catholic children—and they were very few, who had been induced to attend her schools, were ever after absentees, and the places that had known them, knew them no more.

Great was the exultation of the Orange faction, dwellers on the estates of Lord Macaulay, and their lodge-rooms resounded for many a long night with the praises of the Popery-hating lady of the manor. The saints of those parts threw up their hats and cried "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and the poor oppressed Catholics could only swallow their grief and their indignation as best they might.

Now it happened that Lord Macaulay had, a short time before this occurrence, abandoned his ancestral halls to the levelling process of decay, and removed his household goods to a beautiful *cottage ornee*, situated on the margin of a silvery lake. It was a lovely spot, this new home of the Macaulay's—a spot favorable to the growth of every gentler and softer feeling—it was a scene of fairy beauty, with the dark woodlands and the green sloping banks mirrored in the crystal waters, and the graceful cottage, like some sylvan palace, nestling amongst tufted trees. Such was the abode of Lady Macaulay, but whether its tranquil beauty gave peace to her heart, or charity to her soul, I am not able to say. Certain it is, that her zeal lost nothing of its fiery ardor, and if her exertions in the good cause were not attended with success, the fault was not hers—she did what woman could to give sight to those who would not see; in other words, to make them see the things of faith with *her* eyes, and if her laudable efforts failed, why the people themselves were assuredly to be blamed, and not Lady Macaulay.

The old castle was not deserted all at once. Whether it was for the sake of the fine prospect which its windows commanded, or the old associations, of long connection, or in order to meditate in silence and solitude on her benevolent projects, Lady Macaulay was in the habit of visiting the old place from time to time, and remaining there for hours unseen, unheard by mortals. Not many months after her ejection of Mr. Hughes and his parishioners from their chapel, her ladyship repaired as usual one day to the castle, where she had not long remained when the atmosphere suddenly changed—thick clouds gathered overhead, and the forked lightning burst at intervals from the darkened sky. It is probable that the lightning struck the half ruined building and penetrated to a vault wherein some powder had been stored, for what purpose God and the officers of the Orange yeomanry alone knew. However it was, dear reader, the outraged majesty of Heaven did then and there smite that sacrilegious sinner with swift destruction, and summoned her in the twinkling of an eye to answer at the bar of divine justice for the deeds done in the flesh. The country for miles around was sud-

* A set of school-books issued by the famous Kildare Place Society, expressly for proselytizing purposes, and held in great detestation by the Catholics all over Ireland.

denly alarmed by a terrific explosion, the ancient castle of the Macaulays was blown to atoms, and the proud lady, its mistress, was found lying or rather standing head down in a field at some distance, dead, quite dead. If this was not retributive justice, it has never been witnessed here below. Many a one who reads this will remember the sad catastrophe, which at the time filled those northern counties with horror. It was one of those signal manifestations of Almighty power which at times electrifies the world, showing how awful is the wrath of the living God. Would that the fate of Lady Macaulay might deter others from tampering with the faith of a Christian people, or lifting their sacrilegious hand against God's anointed ministers. And that reminds me of another incident which occurred in the adjoining county of Tyrone:

It was in one of those dismal seasons of distress which have fallen periodically on poor mis-governed Ireland. Funds had been collected from various quarters and good store of provisions—chiefly oatmeal—laid in for public distribution. Relief Committees were appointed in every locality, and as many of the applicants, in fact the greater number, were Catholics, either the parish priest or his curate was in all cases one of the members, it being justly supposed that they were the best acquainted with the wants of their parishioners.

The Committee usually sat in the Market-house of each town or village, as they did on the occasion referred to. The Committee consisted of the Rector of the parish, the Catholic curate, and two Protestant laymen, one of whom was an overbearing, blustering, rabid Orangeman, whom I shall call Billy Stokes. A big burly man he was, too, of almost Herculean proportions, and one way with another, he was quite a formidable individual, and a stout pillar of the Ascendancy.

The priest was a small, thin man, with a mild and somewhat pensive countenance, and a modesty of demeanor that almost amounted to timidity. He was young, too, and all unused to public meetings, at least of a mixed character like the present, a fact which perhaps accounted for his boyish timidity. Still he was fully aware of the duties incumbent on him as the only Catholic member of the Committee, and under that exterior gentleness there was a certain amount of firmness that when once called into action, enabled him to defend the interests of the poor people over whom he had a special care.

It often happened that the priest was forced to protest against the shameful partiality with which the public stores were distributed amongst the poor, and many a ferocious look and muttered curses not a few indicated the storm which his interference excited in the breast of Billy Stokes.

On one particular day when the Committee were sitting, investigating the claims of the respective applicants, a poor sickly-looking woman presented herself for relief stating that she had five small children "that could neither work nor want, and the father of them dead since summer was a year."

One glance of the woman's face was enough for Billy Stokes, who was filling up the tickets, and he set her down half a stone of meal. A heavy sigh, and a look of blank despondency marked the poor mother's disappointment, but she reached out her hand to take the ticket, dropping a low courtesy at the same time.

"Mr. Stokes," said the priest, "that is wholly insufficient for this poor woman's relief. I know her family to be what she says, and even more, for she has her mother-in-law living with her. Half a stone of meal will go a short way in supporting seven persons."

"It's all she'll get then," said Stokes gruffly, "I don't see that we're bound to give your craw-thumpers* more than others."

"I do not ask or expect you to give them *more*," said the priest mildly, "only give them *as much* as others in proportion to their family. A few minutes since you gave just the same quantity to that John Hamilton, who has but a wife and one child. I ask you is this justice or is it not?"

"I tell you," repeated Stokes, almost choking with anger," she may be very thankful to get what she does. If you don't think it enough, my good fellow! you may make it up to her yourself."

"I appeal to the Committee," said the priest, rising from his seat with a hectic flush on his pale cheek. "I am here to see after the interests of my own people—am I to be treated in this manner by Mr. Stokes merely for doing my duty?"

There was a faint show of remonstrance on the part of the Protestant and another member, but the majority evidently sympathized with Stokes. When the priest rose, the latter individual rose too, and shook his fist at him across the table.

"If this is to go on, gentlemen," said the priest in an agitated voice, "it is only a loss of time for me to remain here. If I am not allowed to protest against injustice and the foulest partiality in the distribution of this meal, I may as well retire——"

"You may go to the d—l's back parlor if you choose!" vociferated Stokes.

"Thank you, sir," returned his opponent with as much coolness as he could command, "but I *don't* choose to go there even on Mr. Stokes's invitation, but I warn *him* and this Committee generally that their proceedings this day shall be made public. You may go now, Mrs. Hannigan," to the poor woman who had remained standing near the table as if spell-bound, "God will assist you though the Committee will not——"

He was stopt short by a blow in the mouth from the huge fist of Billy Stokes, who leaped across the table and catching him by the neck shook him with savage violence. It so happened that there were no Catholics in the room at the moment but the poor woman who was the unwitting cause of the quarrel. Terrified out of her senses, she fled shrieking from the hall, and the priest was alone in the hands of the Philistines. He struggled bravely and manfully, considering his size and strength, but Stokes had a fist like a sledge-hammer and his grasp was like a vice, and the unequal contest would probably have soon ended in the death of the priest, for the other members of the Committee stood aloof, winking and nodding significantly at each other, but the minister hastened to interfere, and thrusting himself between Stokes and his victim, besought the former to desist as he valued his good opinion.

"For shame, Stokes!" he cried, as the big bully retreated a step or two, still eyeing the priest with a furtive glance of tiger-like ferocity. "For shame, man! would you have it said that you laid hands on a minister of religion! I cannot stand by and see a man of his coat abused in that way. Let the Committee be adjourned for to-day.

(To be continued.)

* A name often applied to Catholics by their Orange neighbors in the North of Ireland, in allusion to their practice of striking their breasts in prayer as a token of contrition.

REV. DR. ANDERDON'S SECOND LECTURE.

The Rev. H. Anderdon, the distinguished convert, and eminent divine, delivered a lecture in the Music Hall, Dublin, on the Cities and Capitals of Europe, being the second of a series of lectures which the reverend gentleman has kindly undertaken to give, in aid of the Catholic Dormitory, Townsend street. The audience was very numerous, and included several ladies. Amongst those on the platform were—the Rev. Mr. Cuff, the Rev. Dr. Spratt, the Rev. Mr. O'Ferrall, the Rev. Mr. Mulcahy, the Rev. Mr. Mulvey, H. Devitt, Esq., (Barrister,) Mr. Delaney, P. L. G., &c. At half-past eight o'clock the rev. lecturer appeared on the platform, and received a warm and respectful welcome. He commenced his interesting and graphic discourse by remarking that the figure of Europe on the map showed peculiar and distinctive features. In other quarters of the globe there were vast uninhabited tracts of land forming immense plains, or vast steppes running up to ridges of almost impassable barriers of mountains—while on the other hand Europe was formed of countries placed in juxta position one with another, and comprising neighboring cities, each stamped by what in human nature would be called marked and prominent features. Europe was distinguished by bold projecting headlands, and deeply indented bays, by islands and peninsulas, by isthmus, and smaller tracts of land, and each of its states has its separate government—each the home of particular, and perhaps conflicting interests—forming altogether a great amalgam which has produced the political and varied history by which Europe has been distinguished from the other quarters of the world. While the vast empires of Asia, and the extensive tribes of Africa have remained in a state of stupor or stagnation, so far as the intellect of man is concerned, Europe, on the other hand, has been the home and seat of intellectual life, because its various states and cities, adjoining each other, have maintained an intellectual rivalry, and intellectual friction, so to speak, calculated in the highest degree to induce and develope intellectual excellence. The reverend lecturer having requested his auditors to fancy themselves inside the cumbrous and slowly moving machine called the diligence, the practical motion of which is directly the reverse of the idea conveyed by its title, and journeying over the Continent, proceeded to sketch the main features of the principal cities of Europe, commencing with Paris, which, he said, was more France than London was England—"Catholic" Paris, dating from the 12th to the 15th century, encircled by the walls which the first of its kings surrounded it by—was graced by noble, almost unexampled monuments of religion. The magnificent Cathedral of Notre Dame—the splendid Chapel of St. Louis—the solemn Abbey of St. Denis—were glorious testimonials to Catholicity. The Cathedral of Notre Dame presented the external resemblance to its sister, Westminster Abbey, which marked most forcibly the unhappy alienation which ensued between them. The Abbey of St. Denis contained a long series of royal tombs; but, as if to shame the vanity of raising costly sepulchres in the days when infidelity and irreligion prevailed in France, the tombs of the kings were desecrated, and the royal dust scattered to the winds. After giving a delightfully graphic sketch of the magnificent *Place de la Concorde* with its splendid avenue of trees, gilded by the setting sun, or lighted up at night with innumerable lamps, the distant perspective being closed by the noble palace of the Tuilleries, decorated with the trophies of the past victories of France, forming altogether an almost fairy scene, the rev. lecturer carried his auditors successively to Berlin, the capital of Prussia, the seat of literature and science, with its unrivalled gallery of paintings—to Dresden, the capital of Saxony, the seat of government of a Protestant king reigning over a Catholic people—to Prague, with its magnificent palaces—to Vienna, where every prosperity seemed to reign, and finally, to the cities of Nuremburg and Ratisbon, which present to this day a truly mediæval aspect, and do not contain from end to end a modern building or idea. It would be impossible, within the limits of a newspaper notice, to give an adequate idea of the interesting discourse of the rev. lecturer. Many of the passages were truly eloquent and distinguished by a spirit of Catholic feeling that touched the hearts of the audience, who repeatedly expressed their admiration by loud bursts of applause. A vote of thanks was passed to the rev. gentleman, who, in acknowledging the compliment, stated that he would lecture on the following Tuesday evening on Italy, including Rome, and expressed a hope that, as the object of the lectures was to aid a most deserving charity, the attendance would be most numerous.—*Dublin Freeman.*

KING JAMES'S IRISH ARMY LIST.

CAPTAIN LORD UPPER OSSORY.

The Mac Gilla Phagdruig (Fitz-Patrick) was in the early period of Irish history Ruler of Ossory, a territory extending over the whole country between the rivers Nore and Suir; and the native annals are full of their lineage, charitable foundations, and achievements, the castles they erected, and the abbeys they founded and endowed. In 1314, Edward the Second directed his official letter missive to Donogh Mac Gille-Patrick, as Chief of his sept, for service and aid in the war of Scotland. In 1541, Brian Mac Gilla Phadrig was created Baron of Upper Ossory. His son, the second Baron, was the companion and favorite of Edward the Sixth. Four letters of his to that young king, relating interesting circumstances connected with the war in France and Flanders, are preserved in the British Museum, as are two others from him to the Earl of Leicester, dated in 1578 and 1579 from Dublin Castle, where, having incurred Queen Elizabeth's displeasure, he was confined a state prisoner. In the last letter he sought to obtain the Earl's interposition with the Queen, accompanying his petition with a present of "a very fair hawk of a tried agree." When Sir John Perrot convened the Conciliation Parliament of 1585, "thither went Mc Gill Phadruig of Ossory, namely Fingin, the son of Bryan, son of Fingin." At the Supreme Council of Kilkenny Bryan Fitz-Patrick, Baron of Upper Ossory, was of the Temporal Peers; while Florence Fitz-Patrick of Lisdunvearney was of the Commons. Cromwell's Ordinance of 1652 excepted the above Florence Fitz-Patrick and Colonel John his son from pardon for life and estate.——As the honors of this family are in abeyance, and the descent of its lines obscure, it may be here mentioned that in 1674, 28th January, was buried in the old graveyard of the Catholic aristocracy at St. James's, Dublin, Dr. Thady Fitz-Patrick, son to Teigue Oge Fitzpatrick of Akipe, son to Dermot of Ballyrellin, son to Teigue Oge Mac Teige of Munnidrohid. This Dr. Thady married Julian, daughter of Pierce Martin of Galway, merchant, son of Walter Martin; and had issue by her divers children, of whom "survive" three sons, Patrick, John, and James, and two daughters, Christian and Anne, as is testified in a Funeral Entry in Birmingham Tower by Julian Martin, the widow of Dr. Thady. The above Captain was Bryan Fitzpatrick, the seventh Baron of Upper Ossory, whose exploits at Mons are fully detailed in Harris's Life of William the Third. He had a pension of £100 *per annum* from Charles the Second, which was on the 1st of January, 1687, continued to him by King James. He sat in the Parliament of Dublin, was attainted in 1691, and died in 1696. He had been married three times, but left no issue by any of his wives. In the Act "to hinder the reversal of several Outlawries and Attainders," passed in the sixth year of William the Third, it was provided that the same should not extend to confirm the outlawries of Upper Ossory, but the same might be capable of being reversed in such manner as if that Act had never been made. On his decease his nephew assumed the title, but it was denied to him at law, and this ancient Barony has been considered thence extinct. At Chichester House, the Lady Dorothy his third wife, claimed, as Baroness Dowager of Upper Ossory, a long term for years in the Queen's County estates forfeited by her lord's attainder. Of the name there appears also on this "Army List," John Fitzpatrick, a Captain, and Darby Fitzpatrick, a Lieutenant, in Colonel Edward Butler's Regiment of Infantry; the former afterwards became a Major, and was taken prisoner in the service. He was described in his attainder as "of Kilkenny," the latter of Clooneen, Queen's County. A Thady Fitzpatrick, most probably a relative of the above Dr. Thady, was in 1689 Deputy Lieutenant of the Queen's County, and one of the Representatives for Maryborough in the Parliament of Dublin. He too was attainted in 1691, but afterwards obtained a pardon under the Great Seal.

Besides those before mentioned, there were also attainted in 1691, Terence Fitzpatrick of Kilbredelegg, Bryan of Moneydriluch and Killdeley, Redmond of Kilmanbought, Charles of Barnyballeragh, and Florence of Clonaghill, all in their native county, (the Queen's); while Dermot Fitzpatrick was a forfeiting proprietor in the county of Clare. At the siege of Derry, a Lieutenant Fitzpatrick was killed "in the orchard on the other side of the walls." On the first of May, 1691, "Major Wood, having notice that the Rapparees were in great force about Brittas in the Queen's County, went out with 300 of my Lord George Hamilton's and Colonel Lloyd's Foot and fifty of Colonel Byerly's Horse, with which he first killed nigh seventy Rapparees, and, leaving part of his men to secure passes, he went three miles further beyond a place called the Togher of Malahone, having with him 110 Foot, and 80 Horse; but instead of the Rapparees whom only he expected, he espied two bodies of the Irish army, said to be near 800 in number. These he encountered, and after several charges at different places, put them to the rout, killing one hundred and fifty on the place, amongst whom was one Captain Sheales; and he took Major John Fitzpatrick (before alluded to) prisoner, who commanded the party, and seventeen officers more, with six sergeants, sixteen corporals, two drummers, and also eighty privates." In 1693, at the battle of Landon, a Colonel Fitzpatrick was wounded; and in 1696, Brigadier-General Edward Fitzpatrick was drowned in the Holyhead packet with several other officers. The vessel was cast away by a violent storm near Sutton, on the Dublin coast. He was the elder brother of Richard first Lord Gowran, the son of which latter nobleman was afterwards created Earl of Upper Ossory.

In 1732, James Fitzpatrick was killed at the battle of Oran, in the Spanish service. He had preferred a claim to the Barony of Upper Ossory before the House of Lords in the previous year, but he was considered to have failed in his evidence, and the issue, which he left, did not prosecute the claim.

JOHN O'HAGAN.—The last number of the *Irish Literary Gazette* contains the following justly complimentary allusion to the above distinguished lawyer:

"As an advocate, Mr. O'Hagan's superiority lies in the earnestness of his manner, and the inartificial nature of his appeals. There is no forensic trick about him; he never seeks to 'bother' a witness, a jury, or a judge. He is always amply prepared with his case, and makes himself master of the minutest details. This done, he trusts to his own watchfulness and sagacity for the rest. It is sometimes amusing, therefore, to see him standing cool and unmoved when the battle is raging around him, and when men of less pliant tempers and of warmer temperaments combat for their clients as though life and death were to be the issue of the fray. Placid and forbearing, he listens and smiles, and takes a quiet advantage of their heated and heedless admissions, and over-masters them by the simple dexterity of never saying more than is necessary, and of saying what he has to say clearly and well. His mode of delivery and argument is singularly lucid and clear; his arguments flow along in an enviably equable tide; even the most cautious juryman is often taken aback by this quietude of address, which first disarms his fears by its want of pretension, and finally conquers him by convincing his reason and dispelling his doubts."

THE INDIAN STRUGGLE.—The Pittsburg *Catholic* gives the following very appropriate and conclusive reply to a contemporary who would endeavor to enlist its sympathies on the side of England, and against the oppressed Sepoy:

"Our attention has been directed, by one of our city dailies, to the fact, that a Priest has been butchered in the mutiny still in progress in India. It is hoped that this announcement will change our tone on the subject. So it shall—but not until we are convinced that it is more manly and just to endorse, with our contemporary, the oppression and spoliation which have marked the policy of the British Government towards the people of India, than seek in that policy a cause, if not an excuse, for the cruelties of the Sepoys, since the breaking out of the revolt. Our contemporary is blatant over the sufferings of the Southern black, when his master is an American—why no sympathy for the poor Hindoo, when his oppressor is an Englishman? *Qui potest capui capiat.*"

Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; despatch is the evidence of a strong one.

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Your faithful Servant

Daniel O'Connell

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Renewed Agitation of Repeal—O'Connell's Speeches—Alderman John O'Neill—O'Connell and the Baronetcy—Petition against O'Connell's Return for Cork County—His Triumph—His energetic Faith in the Feasibility of the Repeal—Departure for England.

O'CONNELL proceeded to agitate the Repeal with fresh energy. Two weekly meetings of the Repeal Association took place during the interval between his return from Cork and his departure to London to resume his attendance in Parliament. At the first of these meetings he took occasion to reproach the Repealers with a relaxation of their previous energy; but at the same time he cautiously avoided the appearance of despondency.

"There has lately been an apparent apathy," said he, "in the public mind; a calm has overspread the political world. But it is not the calm of indifference or despair; it is the calm that precedes the storm. Our duty—the duty of the Association, is henceforth so to organize the energies of the Irish people, as to enable us when that storm shall arise, 'to ride the whirlwind and direct the tempest.'"

At the subsequent meeting of the Association, O'Connell described the difficulties that appeared to threaten England from all points of the horizon. Nothing could be more impressive than his delivery of the following passage:

"What good have we obtained from England in the season of her prosperity? She has made us weep tears of blood. The day of England's triumph never yet was the day of Ireland's happiness. *But she may want us yet.* Is there, even now, no hurricane threatening her from the other side of the Atlantic, careering against the sun, advancing with the speed of Heaven's lightning? Hear we not the rattling of the hail, the driving of the tempest? Is there no danger that we may be needed to defend the western possessions of Britain? Look next at France—is *she* so kind, so friendly, as she has been? Does the aspect of the Continent in general promise to England a continuance of continental friendship? Then, England's eastern territories—are *they* safe? Let Affghanistan answer! Saw you not the gallant regiment that passed along the quay a few moments ago? Whither go they? To India or to China? What signs are there of peace? From east to west, from north to south, the storm is lowering—through the darkened atmosphere we can hear the boom of the distant thunder—we discern the flashes of the coming lightning. Yet even in the midst of the tempest may England have safety. She will need the aid of Irishmen. She shall have that aid, but Irishmen require a bribe—I am *I* who want a bribe! I *will* take a bribe—I *must* get a bribe—and my bribe is a Repeal of the Union!"

It was during his ensuing sojourn in London that it became his duty, as Lord Mayor of Dublin, to present to Queen Victoria the address of the Dublin Corporation on the birth of the Prince of Wales. The Lord Mayor of London, who presented at the same time a similar address from the English metropolis, was complimented with a baronetcy. O'Connell was not offered one. The citizens of Dublin took fire at what they conceived to be an invidious distinction thus made by the Government between the two capitals; and the members of the Dublin Corporation forwarded to Alderman O'Neill (O'Connell's *locum tenens*) a requisition to convene a meeting to consider the subject. O'Neill was a thorough patriot—a high-spirited Irishman. He had from boyhood been an active friend of Irish legislative independence. In the year 1782 he had joined the national army of volunteers—in 1840 he was the chairman of the first meeting of the Repeal Association. I always regarded him, and his venerable compeer, M'Clelland, with feelings of peculiar veneration. Both had in youth been volunteers—in old age they both tendered their aid to resuscitate the Irish Parliament. O'Neill was an Anglican Protestant; M'Clelland was a Presbyterian. When I alluded to O'Neill's undeviating fidelity to Ireland through the course of his long life—

"Aye," he replied, laughing, "no doubt I was always with Ireland; but in 1782 I was too young, and *now* I fear I am too old, to do her much service."

He felt much dissatisfaction at the exhibition of discontent on the part of the citizens of Dublin, on the present occasion. "What!" said he, "do they grumble because O'Connell is not made a baronet? Why, now, in the name of common sense, what addition to O'Connell's dignity would a baronetcy be? To be sure it might be deemed an elevation for such small deer as you or me—but O'Connell! Why, sir, I think a title of any sort would but dim the lustre of his name!"

O'Connell himself was precisely of the same opinion. Having heard that the citizens proposed to meet him in procession upon his return to Ireland, in order to demonstrate their indignation at the slight they supposed had been shown to their city, and to its chief magistrate, he wrote on the 23d of April, 1842, a letter to Mr. Ray, of which the following passage is an extract:

"Some of my letters from Dublin this morning mention, as a report, an intended movement on the part of some of my fellow-citizens to institute a testimonial of public opinion, by address or procession, on the subject of a supposed slight to the city of Dublin in the distribution of public honors. It is, I perceive, said that the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as well as the Lord Mayor of London, have been created baronets. As to the former, I believe the report untrue—at least I have not heard of it, if it be true; but in any case I am decidedly opposed to having my name mixed up with matters of this description. I am vain enough to believe that I have written that name on the page of Irish history, and perhaps on that of the story of the cause of civil and religious liberty; and I intend, with the blessing of God, to endeavor to engrave that humble name still deeper on the recollection of all those whose sympathies are alive to generous efforts for 'happy homes and altars free.' I may not succeed in my endeavors, but the last throb of my heart shall beat for Ireland and her wrongs—for Ireland and her hopes of prosperity and freedom.

"Why then, I do ask it, with melancholy impatience, should my friends mix up my name with titles and matters of that description? Is it not manifest that they give a triumph to our common enemies by making them believe that there is mortification where perfect contentment alone exists, and that there is disappointed vanity where nothing subsists but the pride, perhaps an overweening pride, in a name which I believe is enshrined in the hearts of the truest and best of the lovers of Old Ireland? Enough, and more than enough, of this matter, save to beg the Association to discountenance the mistaken zeal of my mistaken friends."

In a few days O'Connell returned to Ireland, and proceeded to hold three or four meetings in the week, for the advancement of Repeal and of Irish manufacture. The petition against his return for the county of Cork was struck for an early day in May. For the first day or two he felt some uneasiness as to the result; but his letters from London quickly dispelled all apprehension—the petitioners failed to make out any case against the sitting members, whose election was accordingly decided to be perfectly valid. It was on the evening of Sunday, the 22d of May, that O'Connell learned this decision. No doubt his delight was very great. I never saw him in more buoyant spirits. He was to sail that night for England. A party of friends, including myself, had dined with him. "Who'll come to Kingstown to see me off?" he asked. "I will!" simultaneously cried De Vitt (his nephew), Ray, and myself. As we travelled on the railway to Kingstown, O'Connell dwelt with absolute enthusiasm on the subject of Repeal. "Oh," said he, with great energy of manner, "I shall not deem myself an honest man, if I henceforth suffer twenty-four hours to elapse without doing something to advance Repeal! We will begin afresh. Sir, the thing is so perfectly feasible—so entirely practicable! The spirit exists among the millions of our people—it only requires to be skilfully called forth into active operation! There is nothing like incessantly reiterating to them the diabolical means by which they were defrauded of their parliament, and showing them how the shilling subscriptions—insignificant in amount, individually—will give us a national treasury of £150,000. They will easily comprehend how such a treasury as that will facilitate the achievement of any constitutional measure we think proper. I shall easily have my three millions of shilling subscribers—three millions are gregarious—they will soon become *four*—and when the masses of the people are thoroughly worked, and actively with us, then we will have excellent men in the upper ranks, from time to time, discovering how perfectly feasible the Repeal is, and joining our confederacy. Oh, there is nothing—nothing else for Ireland! We must familiarize the people, by my system of incessant reiteration, with the enormous amount of absentee drain, and of surplus taxation; we must teach every man, woman, and child of them to comprehend that our measures will bring money back to Ireland; that our Irish taxes will be spent in Ireland under an Irish Parliament, and that the amount of those taxes will be very much reduced. I will hold, by my own authority, a Repeal Convention at Kilkenny in the ensuing summer. It shall be a representative body, constructed on a plan analogous to that which I have sketched in the Repeal Reports for the revived Irish Parliament. We'll get the places which are there set down as returning members, to return delegates to the Kilkenny Convention. The visible presence of this body—the unfolding and familiarizing of our details, will prepare the Irish people's minds for the advent of their restored legislature, and stimulate them to struggle with me for it. Oh, yes! yes! I want Ireland for the Irish, and the Irish for Ireland! We must squeeze the Saxon spirit out of the land."

"Daunt is afraid you want to squeeze *him* out of the land," said De Vitt.

"Not the least," said I; "for although the descendant of an Elizabethan settler, I have not got a particle of the Saxon spirit in my breast. If nearly three centuries of residence cannot naturalize the decendants of foreigners, you should strike out some good names from your list of patriots, De Vitt."

"Indeed," said O'Connell, "I do think Daunt has tolerable pretentions to be called an Irishman."

We were now rapidly approaching Kingstown; the train stopped, and we accompanied O'Connell on board the Urgent steamer. It was a mild, soft night, and the moon, nearly at full, shone with great lustre. We walked on deck until the next half-hour train was starting for Dublin. Our leader then bade God bless us, and took a friendly farewell; at the same time strongly recommending De Vitt to participate in the debates of the Repeal Association. "If you only consulted your professional interests, De Vitt, I should urge your coming publicly forward there; it would help to introduce you favorably to the public notice."

(To be continued.)

THE ANTIQUARIES AT ARAN.

A story worth repeating is current, concerning the ethnological excursionists who lately visited the island of Aran after the meeting of the British Association in Dublin. Amongst the objects of interest in the once holy island, pointed out for admiration to the assembled savans, was a rude specimen of those domical buildings, of beehive form, variously called Oratories or Clochauns. These are stone-roofed structures of narrow proportions, with low entrances, and containing one or more small chambers. Into that selected for inspection few only of the visitors could at the same time gain admission, and whilst Dr. Wilde, who on this occasion acted the cicerone with so much enthusiasm and ability, was descanting on the architectural peculiarities and profound antiquity of a structure, once, perhaps, the residence of Firbolg or Danann kings or hoary druids, one of the excluded excursionists, whilst awaiting his turn to enter, sought such information about the mysterious pile as he could glean from the crowd of wandering natives congregated around. "Pray, friend," said he, addressing an Aranite, "is that a very ancient building? I suppose a thousand years old at least?" "O no, yer honor," was the reply, "I think it is no more than four or five years ago since Tim Sullivan built it for a dunkey that he do have here in winter." The force of bathos could no further go, the spell which bound the impatient division in waiting was dissolved by a loud peal of laughter, which was heard within, and the cause soon discovered, to the utter interruption of a learned discourse on cyclopean and barbaric masonry, Dr. Wilde had, in fact, mistaken a modern "dunkey" shed for a primæval clochaun, which stood at a short distance, in the same neighborhood.

Mistakes of a similar character, real or fabricated, have occasionally been attributed to antiquaries, and by none enjoyed with more relish than by the confrerie themselves. Scott, accomplished archæologist as he was himself, had his laugh at the mistaken Cæsar's camp in the "Antiquary." Dickens had his fling at them in that Pickwickian monument inscribed with "Bill stumps his mark;" and so had the author of the Dunciad his quiet joke, in his description of the rusted shield of Cornelius Scriblerus, "famous through the Universities of Europe," until, unfortunately, scoured by his too cleanly servant, when it was thereon irreverently declared by one of his feiends to be nothing but a "paltry old sconce:"

PIUS THE NINTH.

"And in an audience with which I was honored by the Holy Father," says the author, "I had a good opportunity of understanding the strange and varied character of the petitions poured in upon him daily, to the very necessary exercise of his exhaustless patience. In the course of the audience the Pope took up a large package or bundle of papers from the desk-table by which he stood for the whole time, and, with a smile full of singular sweetness, not, however, unmingled with humor, he said—'These are all I have got this morning.' And surely they were sufficient, and rather more than a first rate barrister could conveniently 'read up' before going to court. Two or three of the documents were, in fact, as bulky and voluminous as chancery briefs. And the most voluminous of these was the contribution of a lady, who evidently desired to take the Holy Father into her confidence upon the most delicate of all questions to her sex—marriage. Her inclinations tended decidedly in that direction; but there were 'difficulties' in the way—and with these she managed to fill sheet after sheet of respectably-sized paper. The Pope read several passages of this formidable petition, and glanced at its various heads and then put it aside with a meaning smile, and a gesture expressive of more than a suspicion of his correspondent's state of mind. Another petition was for no less a sum than $150; and this 'very moderate demand,' as, with quiet humor, the Holy Father termed it, appeared to be based upon no other justification than the alleged fact, that such a sum would be just then particularly convenient to the petitioners. But there were others praying for mercy, and asking for assistance in cases of real distress. And as the good Pope glanced at these, a look of tender compassion chased away for the moment the sweet smile that played about his mouth, and the light of genuine humor that sparkled in his mild blue eye. It evidently was an easy matter to touch the heart of Pius IX. These petitions were to be handed over to a confidential secretary by whom a *resume* of their contents was to be prepared for the future inspection and decision of the Pope. And this he explained in the simplest and most unaffected manner—in fact as if he were the equal of those who then regarded him with reverential homage, the more profound because of his virtues, of his pure and noble nature, than on account of his exalted temporal rank, as the first of Christian Sovereigns, or of his sublime spiritual dignity, as vicar of Christ."—*Maguire's Rome and its Rulers.*

HINTS TO FARMERS.

ACCOMMODATION FOR HORSES.

Now that the Winter is arrived, we have a few words to speak in behalf of that noblest, and most abused of our domestic animals, the horse. That sign which used to hang out upon country taverns of the old school "Accommodation for man and beast," was usually a great fraud upon the public, at least in the latter part of its promise. The accommodation for the horse was generally a narrow stall, in an overstocked stable, with a hard plank-floor, and a mere apology for a bed of straw. Here, after a long day's work upon the road, old Dobbin was expected to refresh his weary limbs. The thing was impracticable in that atmosphere, foul with the breath of twenty other tired horses, and with the effluvia of ammonia coming up from the saturated floors; and upon these hard planks, where the weight of the horse made a firm pressure upon the wearied muscles, as he lay down to sleep. There was no chance for that relaxation of the muscles, which is as necessary to the brute as to man.

At home, the horse was little better off, except that the stable was not full of horses, and he had a better atmosphere to breathe. There was the same hard bed, and the same pungent smell from the filthy floors. Not one horse in a hundred is properly accommodated in the winter. In the summer, when turned out to pasture, they resume their natural habits in some measure, and regain that health which is so often lost in their winter confinement. The benefit of the summer pasture is more owing to the change of food than to the change of atmosphere and bed. The horse, in his native condition, breathes the pure air of the prairies, and has under his hoof continually the soft turf. When he lies down it is upon a bed of grass, which yields to the pressure of his body, and puts every muscle at ease.

Now, we believe, that all the conditions of the pasture can be supplied to the horse in his stable, and that he can be kept in the highest health and spirits in the barn the year round. We speak now of horses upon the farm, where green fodder is accessible for a part of the year. In the city, though their condition might be ameliorated, it cannot be entirely remedied.

The horse can have as pure wholesome air in the barn as he has upon the prairie, without any exposure to the keen winds and storms that assail him in his natural state. Barns are generally constructed without any attention being paid to ventilation. The walls are nearly tight, and not unfrequently the supply of hay is stored in the mows over the stables, so that all the foul odors escaping from the lungs and bowels of the horse are absorbed by the hay, until it becomes unfit for food. He is compelled to breathe over, many times, this foul air, and finds no relief except when he is taken out of the stable. Is it any wonder that horses become diseased under this treatment, and die prematurely?

A barn should be constructed with ventilators, of a size corresponding to the number of animals it is designed to accommodate, so that the air will be changed as fast as it is breathed. The best bedding we have ever found for a horse is a coat of dry peat, muck or sods, covered with straw. It should be a foot thick, and the drier the better. This makes a soft warm bed, and while it accommodates the horse in the best manner, it furnishes in the course of the year an enormous quantity of manure. The straw, and the solid fœces are removed every morning, and all the liquid is immediately absorbed. The stall should be at least six feet wide, and about a half cord of muck will make a good bed. This will last nearly two weeks before it becomes so saturated as to emit the smell of ammonia. A horse stable should always be as sweet as a parlor, and it is a constant waste for a man ever to have it otherwise.

ONE BARN TO A FARM.

Some farmers err in having too many barns scattered about their premises. Some of them are a half or three-quarters of a mile from the house, and in the Winter they have to take a journey twice, daily at least, in the cold to fodder the cattle. This is a great waste of labor, and the cattle usually suffer from neglect unless the owner sees to the feeding in person. One barn indeed involves a good deal of carting of hay and of manure, but this is a small evil in comparison with having the cattle at a distance in the Winter. Stock, in order to do their best, should not only be housed in Winter, but should be fed thrice daily, and at regular hours. Much of the fodder is wasted if they are fed at longer intervals. If fed at irregular hours they suffer from hunger, and become impatient.

THE CARTING OF MANURE

may be saved, in part, by making a portion of your compost upon the fields where you design to use it. The meadow, for instance, that you design for corn next season, may be furnished with muck heaps for the making of compost this Fall. The manure may be drawn to these heaps and mixed now, or early in April. If covered immediately with the muck and protected from washing, the manure will lose little of its value, and the work in Spring will be hastened.—*American Agriculturist.*

It is stated that the ukase abolishing serfdom in Russia will be published on the 17th of December, the birthday of the late Emperor Nicholas. The financial crisis had been severely felt at St. Petersburg, and silver coin was excessively scarce. The price of everything but meat was extortionate.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Application was made to the Belfast magistrates that four local constables should be sent to Albert street on Sunday to join the constabulary force located there on duty. The magistrates made an order that the police so required should be despatched to the place named. On the same day not a town council policeman was to be seen in Sandy row but one, while, at the same hour, in the Pound and adjoining streets there were posted bodies of constabulary and local constables without any apparent cause for their presence. Orange, ball firing, house wrecking, disturbed Sandy row, was not honored with similar attention. To concentrate in a locality entirely Catholic large bodies of peace officers, while that locality has shown not the slightest symptom of disturbance, and leave an adjoining place, notoriously Orange—notoriously fond of aggression on Catholics—without even the shadow of a constable, is a stigma upon the Catholic population.—*Belfast Ulsterman.*

It is deeply to be regretted that in consequence of the curtailment in manufacturing operations, of almost every description in Belfast, caused by the state of monetary affairs, both in America and at home, numbers of skilled tradesmen are walking the streets without employment, and others proceeding by every steamer to England and Scotland, where their prospects of work at present are by no means encouraging. The foundries and machine-makers have discharged many of their hands, and placed others under notice to leave. All other trades dependent on our staple manufactures are, of course, suffering in proportionate degree; and it is still more melancholy to contemplate the vast number of needlewomen left totally or partially without the means of earning a subsistence.—*Banner of Ulster.*

"Buck Mateer" held forth on Sunday in the neighborhood of Sandy row to a few listeners. He also gave his lungs more exercise in one of the sheds on Donegal quay, but the number of his hearers was miserably small. Another preacher gave out psalms and preached a sermon outside the shed facing the Ballast Office. The congregation who listened to both preachers, taken together, did not number two hundred individuals. It is only a great gun, like "Roaring Hanna," who can draw a good gathering at an open air preaching match.

An explosion of gas took place at the terminus of the Ulster Railway, in Belfast, whereby the roof was blown off the ladies' and gentlemen's waiting departments, and two persons narrowly escaped with their lives.

Armagh.

There has not been such a riot in this part of the north these thirty years as took place in Lurgan last night. The rioters were the cambric weavers, who are at present in a terrible state of excitement in the rural districts on account of a reduction of wages which has just been made, consequent upon the unhappy condition of the foreign market, and the limited demand in the home market for linen goods. With regard to the riot, it appears that a public meeting, attended by upwards of 1,000 weavers, was held at a place called Shane-hill, which is three miles distant from the town; and at the meeting speeches were made denunciatory of the reduction of wages and expressive of the strongest hatred and opposition to the power-loom waving carried on by Mr. Malcom and others of Lurgan. After the meeting was over, the weavers came into the town in a body, their numbers having increased in the meantime to between three and four thousand persons. Mr. Malcom got word of their coming, and he closed his factory and barricaded the doors within, as he dreaded an attack. His power-loom workers were all in the inside, together with Head Constable M'Carron and nine of the constabulary, who were armed, and determined to resist any attack upon the premises. Mr. Handcock, J. P., Lord Lurgan's agent, was upon the ground, and when the mob stopped in front of Mr. Malcom's establishment he addressed them, and advised them to go quietly to their homes. The mob shouted vociferously, and used menacing language, calling upon Mr. Malcom to close his power-loom factory and turn it into a flour-mill, or else they would wreck it. A great many of the crowd carried bludgeons, and others had firearms. They then paraded through the town, and when it became a little dark returned to Mr. Malcom's establishment again, and literally swarmed round the factory, which is situated in the rear of the dwelling-house. They renewed their shouts and menaces, and then commenced a most violent attack with stones upon the doors and windows of the building. Firearms were discharged frequently, and the police were obliged to sally out of the factory and charge the rioters with fixed bayonets; they succeeded in capturing three of them. The main body being driven away from the factory, though it had been their determination to destroy the machinery, then assembled in front of the dwelling-house, and the large building used for lapping-rooms, and flung showers of stones at the windows and doors. After demolishing 210 panes of glass they went away, uttering threats that they would return in a week, well armed, and destroy the factory. Two of the rioters were severely wounded, one receiving a gunshot wound in the jaw, and the other in the hand. The doctor who attended to them has serious apprehensions regarding the life of the party wounded in the jaw. The rioters distributed themselves over the town, and when passing the factory of Messrs. Armstrong & Watson, attacked it in like manner, and smashed a great quantity of glass in the windows. They remained in the town till about nine o'clock, when they left much to the joy and satisfaction of the inhabitants, who were thrown into a frightful state of alarm by such lawless proceedings. Telegraphic messages were sent to Belfast, Portadown, and Dublin, for police assistance, and twenty of the constabulary, under the command of Sub-Inspector Milling, arrived by special train from Belfast. They were kept under arms all night, but there was no further disturbance. Mr. Malcom is a highly respectable manufacturer. He affords employment to two hundred persons in his power-loom factory, and nearly one thousand weavers, and if he were obliged to close his establishment the loss would be great to the community. The three prisoners, namely—William White, Thomas Fugard, and David Lynas, were brought before W. N. Miller, R.M., John Handcock and John Greer, Esqs., for examination. Two of them were charged with being ringleaders. The investigation was private, but the result was, that the prisoners were sent, per train, with a police escort, to Armagh jail, it being unsafe to allow them to be kept one night in the Lurgan bridewell. They are remanded for eight days.—*Saunders.*

Cork.

Hogan's model for the intended statue of Father Mathew has arrived at the Cork Institution. The figure has been modelled in white plaster, and stands about two feet high. The body is encased in the characteristic frock, with a large medal hanging at the breast, but only the upper portion of the coat is visible, as the folds of a large cloak envelope one arm, and the lower portion of the figure. The moment selected seems to be that of administering the pledge, as we judge by the depression of the head, and the slight elevation of the right arm. An inclination forward has been given to the body, and the right foot is advanced considerably beyond the other, while counterpoise is given to the figure by the left arm, a little retreating and holding a large book inscribed "Temperance." The likeness has been very happily preserved.—*Examiner.*

The standard height for the constabulary has been reduced to five feet seven inches. Hitherto the standard height was five feet eight inches. The change, no doubt, has been the consequence of the numerous departures for Australia. If, however, in place of decreasing the standard height the authorities increased the rate of the remuneration, the ranks of the constabultory would be more speedily recruited.—*Ibid.*

The Right Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne, received, at the Loretto Convent, Fermoy, the solemn profession of five religious (one choir sister, Miss Murphy, sister to the respected parish priest of Youghal, and three lay sisters), and on the same day one choir sister (Miss Margaret Hunter) and one lay sister received the white veil at the hands of his lordship, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Cullin, R. C. A., Queenstown.

It has been decided by the governors that the Cork Madhouse shall no longer be called "the Eglinton Asylum." The name for the future is to be the "Cork District Lunatic Asylum." The remarks made by William S. O'Brien on flunkyism in general, and on this instance in particular, in his letter of October 16th, addressed to J. F. Maguire, seems to have given the hint to the worthy governors.

Leitrim.

As James M'Glynn was returning from the fair at Mohill he was set upon by six persons, and beaten so barbarously that he died during the night.

Limerick.

Thomas Costelloe, Esq., coroner, held an inquest at Ballycahane, near Croom, on the body of a farmer named John M'Namara, who was found dead under peculiar circumstances. It appeared that the deceased left his house, taking with him a gun, having intimated to his wife that he was going to shoot rabbits; not returning as evening approached, messengers were sent through the fields in search of him, and after some time he was found as if reclining in rather an upright position, against a ditch side. The man shook him, and, to his astonishment and dismay, ascertained he was lifeless! The gun was placed by his left side, and was after being recently discharged. The deceased had received a deadly gun-shot wound, which passed through the abdomen, and out by the back near the spine, but whether his death was caused by accident or not there was no evidence to show. The jury found "that deceased died from the effects of a gun-shot wound, but whether inflicted by accident or otherwise they could not say."

An outrage was lately perpetrated at Bushy Park Retreat upon the person of Dr. Peppard, proprietor of the private lunatic asylum in that locality. The Doctor with his three daughters had been in Limerick during the day, and travelled home the same evening on their own car. There is a long avenue leading from the road to his residence, the vehicle had not reached far up the avenue when three armed men leaped from behind the hedge fence and seized the bridle reins. It was dark at the time, and while one held the horse the other two rushed to the side where Dr. Peppard was sitting, dragged him off, and beat him with guns. The servant man was also pulled from his seat, and treated with some severity, being badly maimed in several parts of the body. One of the keepers recently discharged from the Doctor's private asylum has been arrested as a principal.

The Committee appointed on behalf of the parishioners of St. Mary's, to carry out the necessary arrangements for presenting a suitable testimonial of their respect and esteem to the Very Rev. Dr. Brahan, late P.P. St. Mary's, are desirous to afford to his numerous friends resident in other parts of the city, the opportunity of co-operating in the proposed well-merited testimony of respect to a clergyman who has secured for himself the high opinion of all classes of his fellow-citizens. Subscriptions will be received by Alderman Mulcahy, chairman of the committee; Michael Kelly, Esq., T.C., treasurer; by any member of the committee; or by John Hayes, and P. J. Doyle, secretaries.—*Reporter.*

There was a heavy run on the National and Provincial Banks in Limerick. Crowds of country people besieged both offices in George's street, from an early hour this morning. In consequence of the great pressure of persons it was almost impossible to obtain access for a time to the banks. The steps on the buildings and private houses in the immediate vicinity of the banks were occupied by farmers, &c., anxious to withdraw their deposits or obtain gold for their bank notes, and impatient for the moment when they would possess themselves of their money. —*Munster News.*

Longford.

Measures are about to be taken to convene, early in January, a meeting of the Liberals of Longford in favor of Tenant Right. Recent evictions in this county, and the number of notices to quit, served within the last three months—imperatively demand exposure, and demonstrate the necessity for a determined Tenant Right movement. The Everard case in England, and the evictions in the Highlands of Scotland on the Sutherland estates, have created considerable excitement in the sister kingdoms. These cases will, doubtless, be brought before parliament early in the session—and our Irish representatives should be, in time, instructed to bring the much more grievous wrongs of the tenantry of Ireland under the consideration of the legislature. We know cases in Longford and Leitrim, compared with which, for oppression, cruelty, and injustice, the English and Scotch cases sink into absolute insignificance. These instances of an inhuman and iniquitous system should also be laid before parliament. Redress cannot be extended to English and Scotch tenants, and be denied to the still more wronged and oppressed tenantry of Ireland.—*Midland Counties Gazette.*

Louth.

The early down train from Drogheda had arrived within a couple of miles of Dundalk, when Mr. Henry Rogers, in whose charge the train was, left his position to collect the tickets without coming to a stand. It appears the train was a little behind time, and Mr. Rogers thought he could collect the tickets without stopping it. Unfortunately it so happened, that the place at which he thought to enter the passengers' carriage, was the Bridge of Fane river, where the up and down lines are divided by a longitudinal partition which runs the length of the bridge. The train was going at full speed when, coming to the bridge, the unfortunate man was struck against this partition, along the whole length of which it would appear he was bruised, till he fell at the other extremity. Immediately after the train passed, some men of Lord Clermont's, who were working in an adjacent field, having heard a deep groan, came to the spot and did all that simple humanity could do, without medical aid, to assist the sufferer, who now lies in a critical, but we trust in God not hopeless, condition in our County Infirmary.—*Newry Examiner.*

We have just seen the authorization, under the Prussian seal, in accordance with the instructions from Berlin, by which, to use the words of the Prussian Consul-General, "the rising town" of Dundalk is made a Vice Consulate of that State. And it affords us great pleasure to name our fellow townsman, Joseph Farrell, Esq., as the first upon whom, in very handsome terms, this distinction has been conferred.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

Meath.

Richard Connell, of Killskyre, died of his wounds. During the time of his illness, he had frequent lucid intervals, and, it is said, even mentioned the names of persons as having been concerned in the attack upon him; there was no one to take the information. Referring to this remarkable fact the *Meath People*, says: "Twelve days have already elapsed since the outrage occurred, and no reward has been proposed for those who would lead to the discovery of the perpetrators. Surely, this is not as it has been seen to be in other cases. In the interval between injuries being received and the dissolution of him who sustained them, magistrates have been by the bedside of the sufferer, gaping for every word that might fall from him, and torturing that so as to give it an effective legal meaning; how came it that Richard Connell was without a chronicler? It came from his being one whose position in life gave him not the claims of association or identity of interest with men in authority; from his not being a landlord or an agent. We put it to the country to ask the authorities to give an account of their silence, and their negligence in this matter; we put it to themselves to volunteer an account of it, and we tell them that they cannot hope for respect or obedience from our people if they do not give satisfactory reasons for their apathy. Unpaid and paid officials, we call upon them to explain why the seal was not put on the dying declaration of Richard Connell. We cannot tolerate the dead silence, the utter inactivity on the subject of the murder of a mere son of the soil, when an outrage offered to a land-owner is sure to raise an outcry throughout the land."

Tipperary.

At a meeting of magistrates which took place in Nenagh, under the presidency of Lord Viscount Lismore, a resolution was passed fixing the constabulary at the standard in force before the late reduction, and requesting the government to furnish the extra 244 men. The magistrates in attendance also offered a reward for the perpetrators of the murder of Mr. Ellis, amounting to £500, in addition to the government proclamation.

Waterford.

His lordship the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien has appointed the Rev. Thomas O'Meara to the curacy of Abbeyside, in room of the Rev. William Shannahan, who proceeds to Australia, *via* the Isthmus of Panama, for the purpose of collecting fnnds for the building of a new chapel in Clogheen.—*Chronicle.*

The Lord Bishop of Edinburgh arrived in this city on Tuesday, and visited during the course of the day St. John's College, the Ursuline and Presentation Convents, and Sisters of Charity. He left in the evening by train for Limerick.—*Ibid.*

Westmeath.

At a meeting, held in Mullingar, the Hon. S. H. King Harman in the chair, it was resolved to establish a Farming Society for Westmeath, of which Richard W. Reynell, Esq., is to be Secretary, and the National Bank, Treasurer.

Wexford.

We observe with satisfaction that the banks have recently advanced the rate of interest allowed on deposits, and as all the pressure in every quarter is now happily allayed, by the government measure of relief noticed in our magnetic intelligence, we strongly recommend our country friends to avail themselves of the advantages this system affords for the safe and profitable custody of their surplus funds, and thus secure themselves against fraud or violence which unfortunately are too often practised on those who by prudence and industry have realized some independence.—*Independent.*

Wicklow.

A very numerous meeting of the Roman Catholics of Enniskerry and its vicinity was held in "The Old Barn"—the wretched hovel used as a Catholic chapel—for the purpose of appointing a committee and organizing a subscription for the erection of a church suited to the wants and the numbers of the Catholics of that populous locality. One of the first acts of Lord Powerscourt, on coming of age, was to communicate to the Rev. Thomas O'Dwyer his determination to grant a proper site for a Catholic church in Enniskerry, and to contribute towards the building. It was in aid of this truly noble and liberal offer that the meeting took place on Sunday last. The chair was taken by Christopher O'Connell Fitzsimon, Esq., and Mr. Justice Keogh, the Rev. T. O'Dwyer, the Rev. James Walsh, the Rev. Patrick Smith, and many of the Catholic tenantry on the Powerscourt estate were in attendance. A committee was appointed, and other arrangements were made to commence the truly good work.—*Evening Post.*

REV. DR. CAHILL
ON
ENGLAND AND HER CONQUESTS.

Whenever the sword of England has been drawn in successful conquests, there can be traced the strange combination of an advanced civilization with the unexpected accompaniment of social, political, and religious penal legislation. Ireland, the United States, Canada, and the other smaller dependencies of her rule, present an unceasing history of murmurs, contentions, rebellions, arising more from the bad faith, the perfidy, and the dominant conduct of the Government than from the discontent, or the revolutionary spirit of the subjects. Her Cabinets, her Parliaments have ever administered even good laws in such a spirit of insulting bitterness and partiality, as in every case have inspired her Colonies with hatred of her Legislation, and with horror at the rancor of her Ministers. An additional cause of popular indignation against her rule may be found in the stratagem by which she publishes before the world, parchment-laws of extended liberality, while their local application and grinding administration are in many cases the very essence of the worst form of tyranny in Europe. It would be a waste of time to enumerate in this place the flagrant injustice, and the wounding partialities which are to be found in every position of her civil, military, and varied official department; and although in theory a universal equality is promulgated, in practice the entire framework of the laws is overlaid with palpable exclusion and penal prejudice.

But if her civil administration be so objectionable, as to awaken the undying animosity of her *conquered dependencies*, her religious code presents an anomaly of Gospel incongruity; and indeed exhibits an unavoidable field of bigotted warfare, which make it impossible, under the existing circumstances, to maintain social peace or Christian feeling. England has never *taught* her Religion in Charity; she has always inflicted it in vengeance. She has never attempted to persuade men into her Gospel; she has ever tried to insult them into her creed. Her faith is not a law of benevolence; it is a penalty of persecution, and her preaching not made in winning humility, but in proud domination. Her ministers are not apostles but persecutors; and their education and conduct seem more calculated to chain the cross than to release it. Slander of all the creeds is the usual topic of their official discourses; and social hatred and sanguinary animosities are the essential fruits of their clerical labors. They endeavor to convert the Irish by branding their martyred fathers as Idolators and Perjurers; they teach them justice by seizing the abbey lands of the widow and the orphan; and they call on them to come and pray with them in their new creed, while they stand in the very church which they plundered from their ancestors, and preach from the spot where their consecrated altar was uprooted in terror. What an incongruity to call this system by the name of the Gospel of Christ; how insane to expect a nation of persecuted men so forgetful of history as to join a band of hated Gospellers, surreptitiously clothed in surplices, and wickedly personating the descendants of the Apostles. The grievances arising from this double infliction from England in religion and in politics, have ever been the cause why she has never succeeded in carrying out the idea of perfect colonization; and her perseverance in these two national evils will ever prevent her from fixing her rule or her faith on any people conquered or subjected to her sway.

The best exponent of her political and military successes is her national debt, which, in this year of grace, amounts to nearly ONE THOUSAND MILLIONS OF POUNDS STERLING! The expenses of her *war establishment* to maintain her conquests are the certain criterion to demonstrate perfectly that military force on the most extensive scale can alone compel her subjects to yield to her rule. This debt she owes to her own people; and when the crash of national bankruptcy (as Cobbett has long ago foretold) will come, as come it will, England will have to fight against her own English subjects a series of battles more sanguinary than those of Havelock and his comrades against the Indians. The holders of Government Stock, in these coming days, will make a fiercer stand in London than the Hindoos in Delhi; and England, in this trying crisis of her very existence, will gain supremacy over her own people, only by conquering herself, and inflicting a national beggary on her once confiding subjects. Many a statesman has of late warned the English Cabinet of the perils of annexing new territories to her all but boundless empire; many an argument on this point has been adduced to show that larger military establishments must be made in order to defend larger dominions, and to subdue new enemies; and that larger debts thus incurred by our *island of merchants* must ultimately end in national ruin. But England must advance, still, still annexing; still enlarging her debt till the catastrophe described by Cobbett will, when too late, awaken her to her errors in politics and in religion.

The whole English press at this moment applauds her present achievements in India to the skies; and the whole people generously pour millions of money into her treasury to sustain her hard struggle in the Indian Presidencies. The whole nation sends their sons to fight and to die for England's name, and the same nation supplies the cash for the expenses of the war. And now, let us ask, what will England have achieved when this struggle will have been terminated? The story is easily told—it is a sad Cabinet story, however glorious it may be for the generals and the soldiers of Delhi and Lucknow. What will England have achieved in the end of the civil campaign? She will have recovered *her own cities, her own ordnance, her own magazines, her own arsenals;* but let it not be forgotten that she will have lost (and lost through her own incapacity and misrule) thousands of her army; she will have lost the obedience of millions of her Indian subjects; and she will have lost, between the expenses in the Crimea and in India, no less a sum than ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILLIONS POUNDS STERLING! What makes this case worse is, that the results of this whole disastrous war are to be attributed to the palpable mistakes, and to the avowed incapacity of her own servants and her own Cabinet; and her achievements, therefore, are something like the work of a ministry which would set fire to London, blow up her arsenal, drive the nation into insurrection, shoot down the people; and then, forsooth, rebuild the town, replace the dead, and incur a debt of one hundred million pounds, in the *glorious work* of national suicide and national bankruptcy! The time will soon arrive when the people of England will recover their own common senses; and when their eyes will be opened to the incredible blunders of policy, which have caused the Indian war; and when their children will blame the culpable stupidity of their fathers for lauding an enterprise which will have entailed such an enormous debt of incumbrance on the national revenues, and on the commercial interest of the country.

The future historian of England will, no doubt, couple the name of Lord Palmerston with the calamitous mutiny of the Sepoys. He will, in transmitting the name of this statesman to posterity, recollect that a fatal desire to embroil all nations in political and religious conflict is the predominant character of his past life; and he must also not forget to remark that while his lordship is, without doubt, the ablest minister in the past or present cabinets where he has had a seat; yet there has scarcely been any political mission ever entrusted to his control in which he has not either totally failed or awakened an indignation towards England, which has not been as yet effaced from the bitter memory of several foreign courts. In no case of all his past official career will history brand his name with a heavier censure than on his Indian policy. His most imprudent conduct, his disastrous policy, can be told in few words. At a time when England returned from the Crimea with a loss of *forty thousand* men of the bravest army in the world, Lord Palmerston commences *two wars* at the SAME TIME—viz., the war with Persia and the war with China. Some of the ablest statesmen in England assert that diplomacy could have amicably settled the differences with these two nations and thus avoid a struggle in the moment of England's military weakness and monetary embarrassment. Lord Palmerston, in the spirit of his character, decided otherwise; he must ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. As if to make England's folly forever a matter of history, a greased cartridge is forced into the mouth of the Sepoy, and irons for eighteen years are fastened on the imprisoned limbs of some of the native cavalry who refused to obey the hogslard command of the Horse Guards. By this act one hundred and twenty millions of Indian subjects are insulted; and by this act two hundred and fifty thousand armed Sepoys are converted into sworn enemies. And again, as if to raise this past folly of England to the highest pitch of insane blundering, the fortified cities of India, the arsenals, the magazines, the treasures, *are left in the possession of this maddened enemy*, with scarcely a European resident in these strongholds of India, except innocent women. It is certain that if such conduct were evinced in France, the Ministers would be tried for their lives, and charged with the death of their countrymen, whom they culpably exposed through a guilty neglect of their duty. Time will tell the opinion which future men will form of this whole catastrophe; and time will, perhaps, assert that while the present Premier is amongst the ablest statesmen in Europe as a leader in debate, he is, at the same time, the most mischievous Minister to whom England has ever entrusted the reins of power, and the decision of her political and military interests.

D. W. C.

HOW THE WAR GOES.

The last mail leaves the revolt in India more wide-spread and formidable than it was at any time since the commencement of the mutiny. All the roar and rant of the *Times* cannot hide the fact. The British have taken Delhi, but they paid dearly for it, and the mutineers are far from being discouraged. In several parts of the country the British have suffered defeats which they endeavor to represent as small things; but, had the fortune of war inclined to their side, we would be informed they were important victories. The fort of Saugor, in which about seven hundred English were shut up, is still besieged by the rebels. A Madras column attempted to relieve them in July last, but was defeated. At Neraolee, a village about nine miles from Saugor, a large force is entrenched under the Banpore Rajah; a detachment of two hundred and forty men, with three guns, was sent out against them, but they were totally defeated, and Colonel Dalyell, who led the attack, killed. The Rajah of Joudpore, a pro-Britisher, was so good as to make an attack on the mutineers of his own legion, and got well beaten for his pains. Brigadier-General Lawrence endeavored to rout said legion, numbering only seven hundred men, from their encampment between Burr and Bewar, but he was defeated and driven back. "From Banda, Jubbulpore, and the Saugor and Nerbudda territory," the *Daily News* says, "the news is as bad as it can well be. Koour Sing still holds his head high; the Nawab of Banda is opposed to us; the 50th and 52d regiments N. I. have mutinied, leaving but three regiments in the Bengal army true to their colors. The 52d distinguished themselves by murdering one of their officers under circumstances of, what woud have been called before the present outbreak, unexampled brutality. The 31st is reported shaky; the 73d, located at a station where there is no treasure, and distant from any European troops, have, it is said, announced their intention of remaining loyal so long as they are suffered to continue as they now are, but that the moment they hear of an European force being within fifty miles of them, they will certainly revenge themselves on their European officers." Whether the mutineers get "discouraged" at the British victories may be conjectured from the fact that Maun Singh, one of the Oude chieftains, with a considerable force under his command, remained perfectly neutral until he found Havelock had reached Lucknow, and then he threw himself into the ranks of his countrymen. The Bheel tribes have risen, and hold two or three villages in the Bombay presidency. Lieutenant Henry, with a small force, attacked a number of them who occupied a position at Sinnur, near Nassick. He was killed, and his force compelled to retire. A party under Mr. Extra Assistant Commissioner Berkeley set off to try and open a certain line of communication; he was killed and his party utterly defeated. The whole of the Bundeclund territory is what the British call "disorganized;" the chiefs, says the *Times* correspondent, having taken up arms: "About sixteen hundred men of the mutinous Gwalior Contingent, with five guns, have crossed the Chumbul and were encamped on the 9th ultimo on the Agra side of that river. It was supposed by some that they intended to march on Agra, by others that Bhurtpore was their destination; but all is vague rumor." The *Calcutta Englishman* says: "Though Lucknow has been relieved and Delhi has fallen, it will be seen by the correspondence that fresh mutiny has broken out, and has cost the lives of several estimable officers, the same treachery and cruelty marking these as they did former instances. No great progress has yet been made in tranquilizing the country, nor can it be made till the arrival of many more troops. It has been asserted that the Ghoorka force has done noble service in the Goruckpore district, which has been reoccupied by the British authorities. Nothing can be further from actual fact. Goruckpore is not reoccupied up to this date, and is now in the hands of Mahomed Hussein, who is sole master there." Here is a bad roll of disasters. The fact is the whole Bengal Presidency and part of Bombay is in a blaze of rebellion. The English army when reinforced and concentrated may, as they march over the country, trample it out apparently under their feet, but it will re-light when they have passed and continue to burn in many different quarters. The Sahibs themselves begin to doubt that they will be able to extinguish it; the mere endeavor will drain the pocket and crack the nerves of England. Something in that way has been done already.—*Nation.*

The Rev. Mr. McAlroy, P.P., Tullamore, refused to subscribe to the Indian relief fund.

MISSION OF THE PASSIONIST FATHERS AT ST. JOSEPH'S, BEDFORD, BROOKLYN.

The illustrious Passionist the Rev. Father Gaudentius, who has passed a life as a Missionary in most parts of the world, and with whose graphic Sermons and Lectures every one of your readers must have been familiar, is now here with his venerable and distinguished brethren, Antoni and others, for the purpose of opening their 158th Mission, under the auspices of St. Joseph—which has exceeded so far any one hitherto opened in this extensive diocese. They arrived on the 28th ult., and are staying at the beautiful pastorage, lately erected on the Church-grounds through the untiring exertions of our Pastor, the Rev. P. O'Neill.

In my last, I believe your readers were informed of the many graceful decorations that were being executed in the interior of our church edifice, as well as alterations on its external appearance, of which the Passionist Fathers have expressed their admiration in terms very complimentary. The altar is covered with superb roseates of flowers. The table, too, on the Fathers' platform, got up for the occasion, groans every night with its beautiful profusion of bouquets. On the former is placed the magnificent Missionary Crucifix of huge proportions, with which they give at intervals the grand papal benediction. The Fathers are besieged by penitents at the various confessionals in the church, and also in the two schools attached to St. Joseph's. Hundreds of people in attending are but too glad to obtain standing room, while, during the evening lectures, there is quite as large an audience outside the noble church and adjacent places as would fill another structure.

Though Italy is the "Old Country" of these reverend gentlemen, it has been a theme of admiration since their appearance here with what purity of diction and remarkable pathos they delight their audiences; while in their incidental apostrophes to the Immaculate Mother of God, they evidently excel in our highest conception of elocutionary excellence. In fact, as a highly distinguished Protestant gentleman in this locality remarked to me last night, "these Lectures, particularly of Father Gaudentius, which I consider the 'Model Speech,' replete with such beautiful illustrations, beauty of thought, and chasteness of expression, cannot fail to make friends and admirers for them in every succeeding acquaintance; I speak what I feel myself," and such must be conceded by all who hear them. Even the most learned appear taken by surprise.

Yesterday (Thursday), as had been previously announced, the children of the schools made a solemn renewal of their Baptismal Vows, and a more lovely scene it would be difficult to imagine. The effect was most imposing as the processions of boys and girls—the former bearing neatly arranged green ribands and crosses as well as medals over their right arms, whilst the latter, all attired in white and veiled, bearing blue ribands and wreaths of flowers—walked up the aisles and were arranged under the direction of the Misses Boyle and Sweeny. Next to the different readings being rendered aloud by the Father, the children with one voice, as it were, declared forever before the vast assembly their renunciation of the world. After another beautiful and feeling address the children received their first communion from the hands of their esteemed pastor, and the decorum and respectful composure of the young ladies, as well as the calm recollectedness of the boys, must have been very gratifying to him.

Having blessed a multitude of beads, crosses, medals, &c., the Rev. Father Gaudentius distributed and placed them round the children's necks, and next among the congregation. The Papal Benediction was then given and the body of Venerable Clergy retired within the sanctuary. I should have stated that the singing and the solemn swell of our magnificent organ, filled the edifice with softer music than I have been accustomed to hear, and added to the solemnity of the scene.

Of the singing, which is under the direction of Fradenburgh, a graduate of the University of Strasburgh, I may speak again.

J. T. K.

[In the TABLET of the 14th ult. we alluded, by mistake, to this Mission as about to be given by the "Redemptorist" Fathers. The above communication corrects the error, so far as our readers are concerned.—ED. N. Y. TABLET.]

The Very Rev. F. G. Loranger, V. G., of the Diocese of Trois Riviers, died on the 28th ult., in the 67th year of his age, and 42nd of his ministry.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

FIGHT BETWEEN A LION AND A TIGER.—Our readers doubtless noticed, a few days back, an account of a tiger which escaped from a cattle truck in Ratcliff-highway, London, and which, after running along the centre of the road for some distance, was caught by his keepers while in the act of tearing a lad who unfortunately crossed the animal's path. The tiger, which was only eighteen months' old, but of large size, was the property of Mr. Jamrach, an importer of wild beasts, and he sold it a day or two afterwards to Mr. Edmonds, the son-in-law and successor of Wombell in the management of one of the well-known travelling menageries. Mr. Edmonds's purchase reached Birmingham on Saturday night, and on Monday it joined the menagerie at West Bromwich. It was placed in one of the ordinary carriages, one of two compartments, the adjoining den being occupied by a very fine lion, six or seven years old, for which Mr. E. gave £300 three years ago. The attendants had all left the menagerie to go to breakfast, when suddenly those in the carriage which the proprietors occupy were alarmed by an unusual outcry among the beasts. They soon discovered the cause. The newly-bought tiger had burglariously broken through the "slide" or partition dividing his den from that of the lion, and had the latter in his terrible grasp. The combat which ensued was a terrific one. The lion acted chiefly on the defensive, and having probably been considerably tamed by his three years' confinement, the tiger had the advantage. His attacks were of the most ferocious kind. The lion's mane saved his head and neck from being much injured, but his savage assailant at last succeeded in ripping up his belly, and then the poor animal was at the tiger's mercy. The lion was dead in a few minutes. The scene was a fearful one. The inmates of every den seemed to be excited by the conflict, and their roaring and howling might have been heard a quarter of a mile distant.—*Birmingham Journal.*

DISINTERMENT OF THE MEDICI.—The following is a remarkable account of the disinterment of about sixty members of the Medici family, including seven sovereigns, who have been buried in the crypt of the stately pile of San Lorenzo, at Florence. The wooden coffins in the vaults having been found mouldering away, orders were given to have them replaced, and consequently all the bodies, with the exception of two, were transferred into new receptacles. During these operations, the remains of the famous Giovanni delle Bande Neri and his son Cosimo, the first Grand Duke of Tuscany, were once more exposed to mortal gaze. The bodies of Eleanora di Toledo, wife of the latter, and her son Francis the First were found to be so fresh as to appear only recently laid in the sepulchre; that of Francis especially warranted the supposition of having died from some strong arsenical poison. By the side of Cosimo lay his dagger, possibly the one which he plunged into the breast of his son Garcia, the fratricide. Each body was accompanied with a medal, and ticketed and labelled with the most business-like precision. Grand dukes and duchesses, princes and princesses, were all arrayed in the state costume of their day. Giovanni, the father of Cosimo, was the only one covered with a helmet. Gaston, the last of the house, closes the series.

NEARLY STARVED TO DEATH—HORRIBLE SITUATION.—The men in charge of a flat bottomed boat in which a quantity of timber had been piled, in one of the docks at Marseilles, were greatly surprised to hear what appeared to be a human voice in the bottom of the hold. The cries were repeated again and again, and at length the men proceeded to remove the timber; they then discovered, to their astonishment, a man in the hold, who appeared in the last stage of starvation. He begged them to give him a glass of rum, and when they had done so, he related that three days before he had got quite drunk by drinking wine from the casks which had been piled up on the quay, that he had then staggered to the hold of the vessel to sleep himself sober, and that whilst he was there the timber had, unperceived by him, been piled above him. He says that he slept for several hours, and that on awaking he was horror-struck at finding himself imprisoned in a hold without means of escape. He shouted and made all the noise he could, but in vain, and he repeated his cries as often as his strength would permit him. His sufferings from hunger were terrible.—*Galignani.*

A RATHER BAD BOY.—An extraordinary affair is related in a Silesian journal. Five little children belonging to two tradesmen of Bolkenhayn, in that country, went, a few days ago, to play in a garden, and were joined by a boy of eleven, who has been always noted for the perversity of his disposition. After a while their parents sought for them, but, to their astonishment, found that they had disappeared. After looking a long while, they found them lying piled one on another in a large wooden case in a shed in the garden; four were dead, and the fifth, though still breathing, was in so desperate a state that he died shortly after. The lad referred to was then questioned, and he calmly related the astounding fact that he had persuaded the children to enter the case in play, had then slammed down the lid, and seated himself on it—remaining there for three quarters of an hour, listening to their cries and groans. He then raised the lid to see if they were dead, and finding that they were not so, had fastened it by means of a hasp; after which he had gone away to fly his kite! This little monster has been arrested.

EVICTIONS BY FIRE.—The Scotch are proverbially, and, with much truth, represented as a people extremely loyal to Great Britain, and perfectly content with their national degradation; yet, this does not save them from the visits now and again of that formidable battalion known as the "Crowbar Brigade." On the 6th of June last, an industrious cottier, named Donald Murray, with his sister and two little motherless girls, were ejected from the hut which they had occupied for so many years, by the order of the Duke of Sutherland. After lying some time in the open air, some person gave them the use of a cart shed which they continued to occupy from the date of the eviction till Saturday, the 17th of November, their little bits of furniture meanwhile lying in the open air. In the meantime it was found that the Duke had no right to the cot from which Murray and his family were ejected in the Court of Session. Acting under advice, Murray and his family again took possession of the hut, along with part of their furniture, on the date referred to, and immediately on this being done the machinery was set in operation for a second eviction. Accordingly on the forenoon of a certain day not long since, public attention was attracted to a dense volume of smoke rising from the neighborhood of the manse of Cloyne, and it was soon found that Murray's cabin was on fire, and that the workmen were actively engaged in the demolition of the rude walls. The hut was razed to the ground and various articles of furniture were also destroyed.—*Northern Ensign.*

DISCOVERY OF HUMAN BONES IN NETHERGATE.—Some excitement was caused here recently by the announcement that the workmen at the sewerage operations in the Nethergate had, in the course of their excavations, discovered a number of skulls and human bones nearly opposite Union street, and close to the Wynd. It is supposed that these bones are portions of the remains of those who fell in the assault of Dundee by General Monk, in 1651, when it is generally believed that a number of the inhabitants took refuge in the Steeple, and after holding out for three days were compelled to surrender at discretion, and were all butchered in the churchyard. Tradition reports that the bodies of those killed in the churchyard were carelessly buried where they fell, and in the History of Dundee it is stated that when the Nethergate was widened in front of the churches by the removal of a row of houses, and the ground or churchyard improved, vast quantities of human bones were discovered in more or less perfect preservation, which were at the time supposed to be the remains of those massacred by the orders of General Monk, in 1651.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

A STRANGE STORY.—The *Courier* of Lyons has the following: "A young married woman of Colluire, near this city, after being ill for some time, fell one day last week into a complete state of insensibility, and was supposed to be dead. A medical man, who was called in, gave a certificate of the death, and the young woman was laid out and in due time fastened up in a coffin. In the night some women, who were sitting up to watch the deceased, heard subdued groans and sighs in the coffin. They fled in dismay, and the neighbors, on hearing their account of the matter, proposed to have the coffin opened, but the husband of the woman would not hear of such a thing, as it would be, he said, a profanation of the dead. The mother of the young woman, however, broke open the coffin with a hatchet, and it then turned out that the young woman was not dead, but had only been in a lethargy. Medical assistance was procured for her, and in a short time she recovered perfect consciousness. She is now going on well, although weak from the effects of her somnambulence.

SAVINGS BANKS.—An account was given some time ago of the operations of the savings banks of Paris in 1856, and the *Moniteur* contains a report to the Emperor from the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce on the operations of those of all France during the same year. The following are the principal features of the report: The number of savings banks authorized at the end of 1856 was 386, but only 373 of them were in operation. The 386 banks had 163 branches. Of the 373 banks in operation accounts have only been obtained from 370 of them. These accounts show that the capital, subscriptions, donations, legacies, subventions, interest on capital, and various profits of the 370 banks amounted to 9,140,109f., which exceeded the total of 1855 by 697,002f. The expenses of the management of the banks were 1,178,900f. The number of savings banks' books on the 1st of January, 1856, was 890,536; that of those issued in the course of the year was 172,998, and that of those received by transfer 10,685; total, 1,074,219.

LOSS OF THE LEFORT.—A rumor has reached Paris, that, in consequence of the loss of the Lefort, the Grand Duke Constantine, as Lord High Admiral of the Russian fleet, and responsible for every disaster occasioned by mismanagement in his department, will have to undergo a trial by court-martial, which will sit at Cronstadt early in the month. The same rumor declares that immediately on the news of the catastrophe reaching St. Petersburg, the Grand Duke sent his sword to the Emperor, by whom it was instantly returned with a kind of fraternal compliment. Nevertheless, the forms of the service cannot be dispensed with, and the trial will proceed. Admiral Nordmann, commanding the squadron, has already been condemned to loss of rank, having been reduced to that of simple sailor, by sentence of the court-martial held to inquire into the cause of the catastrophe.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.—The *Almanach de Gotha*, for 1858, which has just appeared, contains the names of 47 emperors, kings, princes, grand dukes, and dukes reigning in Europe, as well as the Emperor of the Brazils. The oldest of the sovereigns is the Grand Duke of Mecklenbourg Strelitz, who was born on the 12th August, 1779, and next to him the King of Wurzemberg, born on the 27th September, 1784. The prince who has had the longest reign is the Prince of Schaumbourg-Lippe, the date of his accession, when quite a child, being the 15th of February, 1781. The youngest princes are the King of Portugal, born the 16th September, 1837, and the Duke of Parma (represented by his mother as regent), on the 9th July, 1848.

AN HONEST MILLER.—Some time since, Mr. C. M. Marsden, of Southwold, miller, received a sack of grain for grinding from a person residing in a neighboring village, and, upon his servant shooting it into the hopper, he discovered in the "sack's mouth" a bag of "divers colors," containing sovereigns and half-sovereigns to the amount of £102. The discovery was communicated to its hoarder, who, we are happy to say, satisfactorily rewarded the miller's man for his honesty.—*Ipswich Journal.*

DRESS AT THE FRENCH COURT.—The progress of extravagance in dress has provoked a slight counter demonstration on the part of the French court. Last year it was understood that no lady invited to Compiegne could appear twice in the same dress. This season it has been intimated that the re-appearance of a dress once in the course of a week will be not only tolerated, but approved. The consequence is, that ladies invited to pass a week at Compiegne pack up only eight dresses instead of sixteen.

A POOR COUNTRY.—When Ryleef, the most illustrious poet of Russia, was condemned to death on account of his participation in a conspiracy to prevent Nicholas from ascending the throne, the rope broke, and he might have been saved if he would ask pardon, but he refused, saying, "Why, who would live in a country where there is not a rope strong enough to hang a man?" and delivered himself a second time into the hands of the executioner, who speedily finished his work.

THE SCANDINAVIAN IDEA IN AUSTRALIA.—The Scandinavian idea, that is to say, the political union of the three powers, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, has spread so far that a Scandinavian journal (the *Norden*) appeared on the 23d July, at Melbourne, in Australia. It is printed alternately in Swedish and Danish, and begins with an interesting leading article on Scandinavianism.

BURIED ALIVE.—One of the workmen who fell in the ruins of the Entrepot at Antwerp was rescued alive, after being buried for four days! He was fastened up in a sort of cavity formed by planks and beams, and he existed on rice and sugar, of which fortunately a quantity was near him. He had received no injury, but was much affected in mind by long-continued emotion.

LETTING THE CAT OUT.—A young beauty beheld one evening two horses running off at a locomotive speed with a light carriage; as they approached, she was horrified at recognizing, in the occupants of the vehicle, two young gentlemen of her acquaintance. "Boys, boys," she screamed in terror, "jump out—quick, jump out—especially George!"

A KNOWING BEGGAR.—A beggar posted himself at the door of the Chancery Court, and kept saying, "A penny, please, sir! Only one penny, sir, before you go in!" "And why, my man?" inquired an old country gentleman. "Because, sir, the chances are you will not have one when you come out," was the beggar's reply.

Mr. David Thompson, late of Maghera, died in the year 1848, after a tedious illness, during which time his affairs became embarrassed, so that he was in considerable debt at the time of his death. His two sons, David and James, some time afterwards sailed for Australia, which they reached in safety, and after three or four years of severe toil, and having endured many hardships, they accumulated a sum sufficient to pay off the debts due by their father, which amounted to between £1,800 and £1,900. On their return home they sent a circular to each of the creditors to furnish a statement of their accounts, all of which they have since paid in full. Some of the creditors wished to make a return for such handsome conduct by presenting them with a service of plate each, but of this they would not accept.—*Belfast News-Letter.*

The three Polish Bishops preconised a year ago by the Holy Father—viz., the Archbishop of Warsaw, the Bishop of Cujavia, and the Bishop of Podlachia—have all three taken possession of their respective sees after long delays, caused by the government. Two of the Bishops were consecrated at Warsaw in the month of January, by the special favor of the present Emperor, for, under the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, all Bishops were bound to be consecrated in St. Petersburg. The Archbishop of Warsaw had already received the Episcopal dignity. The installation of the Bishop of Podlachia, which took place at Janow on the 5th of June last, was unusually brilliant.

The *Morning Post* says that the various grades in the suit of the Siamese embassy appear to be generally indicated by the headdress. Thus the "eldest royal son of the first king" wears a conical hat, with a brim of some seven inches wide, while the brims of the hats worn by the servitors gradually diminish, until, in the lowest class, you find none at all.

Mr. James Morrison, once a "light porter," died recently in London worth four millions of money. "Although," says a Glasgow paper, "rich beyond the dreams of avarice, James Morrison for a long time was fully impressed with the idea that he was a poor man who had to live upon the humble rate of earnings of his early life. So strong was this feeling, that for years past he has been in the habit of calling for and receiving a pound a week as his wages, on which he believed he had to live. This was, probably, the amount he received when a light porter in Todd's warehouse, in Fore street."

The *Bale News* (Switzerland) publishes the text of a bill about to be proposed by the department of the Interior to the Grand Council of Lucerne, enacting that no Jesuits or Monastic Orders connected with that body can henceforth be admitted into the canton. By another article of the bill no members of other Monastic Orders shall be allowed to assume the management of private institutions of instruction or relief unless previously authorized by the government of the canton. This authorization cannot be granted without a previous examination.

The Academy of Fine Arts, at Milan, has offered a prize of 60,000 livres for the best model of a statue of Leonardo de Vinci, the celebrated painter, to be erected through the munificence of the Emperor of Austria, at Milan. The prize will be paid in four equal rates; the first after the model has been approved of, the second after the completion of the architectural part and the preparation of the marble, the third after the completion, and the fourth after the erection of the monument.

The *Independance* asserts that recruiting for the English service is going on secretly in France, and that 100f. bounty is given to each recruit. The correspondent who furnishes this news says that he saw 1,000f. paid down on one occasion to ten recruits. The men thus raised are to be sent to India, by way of Alexandria and Suez, as quietly as possible, and, when arrived at their destination, are to be commanded by French officers.

Accounts from Cronstadt state that English divers had been sent down by the Russian government to examine the line-of-battle ship, the Lefort, which recently sunk in the Baltic. An immense mass of human bodies were found below. The effect produced on one of the divers by the sad sight was such that no report could be obtained from him, and he refused to descend a second time.

The *Seicle* says—"The wife of a journeyman compositor of the Rue des Paulies, au St. Denis, gave birth to two children, each having two arms, two legs, a head and a breast, but united by the intestines. The children were subjected to the examination of a commission of the Academy of Medicine. They are still living; both are males.

Three French Colonels killed at Sebastopol were exhumed on October the 5th, with the permission of the Russian Government, their relatives desiring to remove their remains to France. The whole garrison of Sebastopol were under arms, and rendered military honors to the coffins as they were transported from the country.

The late Duke of Wellington, in a speech in the House of Lords, happened to introduce a Scripture story; a rev. bishop, who sat at his elbow, pulled him by the sleeve, and said: "When will your Grace have done preaching?" To which the Duke replied: "When I am made a bishop, my lord."

The *Cattolico* asserts that Mazzini was at Genoa, lately, and that he lodged in the neighborhood of Signor Girolamo, where he had lodged on other occasions. The police had received information to that effect, and were on the watch for him, but without success.

A nugget of gold, recently imported from Australia, weighing four hundred ounces, and without any apparent mixture of quartz, is to be seen, according to the *Glasgow Mail*, at a goldsmith's shop in that city.

So much damage has been done in Lombardy by the inundation of the Po, that the Archduke, sovereign governor, has resolved there shall be no public festival in Milan for some time to come.

Military enlistments have taken place in some of the cantons of Switzerland for a pretended British Legion. The English representative has declared to the Federal Council that no such legion is in existence.

The *Hertford Press* says that from six manufacturing establishments in that city no less than 700 persons have been discharged, and more have been put on short time.

A small steamer, Lioness, is now plying from Lough Corrib, Galway, to Cong, county Mayo, three times a week, returning the following days, and carrying passengers, stock, and goods.

A new edition of Beranger's works was published in Paris recently. Five thousand copies were sold in one day.

A pension of £30 per annum has been granted by government to the mother of the late Mr. Hugh Miller.

The late General Nicholson was born at Virgemont, county of Dublin. General Neill was a native of Ayrshire, Scotland.

The solemnity of All Saints was celebrated at Rome with great pomp on the 1st November.

Alderman Bianconi is to be the Mayor of Clonmel for the ensuing year.

The Glasgow subscriptions to the India Relief Fund now amount to about £200,000.

Beautiful jet black sealing-wax is now manufactured from Irish turf.

HOME MISCELLANY.

THE REMAINS OF MADISON.—In digging for a foundation for the monument recently erected over the grave of President Madison, the coffin was exposed to view. The appearance of the remains is thus described by a Richmond paper: "The boards placed above the coffin had decayed, but no earth had fallen in upon it, and everything appeared to be as when the coffin was deposited there, except that the coffin lid was slightly out of place, allowing a partial view of the interior. The lid covering the superior portion of the body was raised, and several gentlemen present looked in upon the remains of the great Virginian. The coffin itself, of black walnut, was in perfect preservation, and the interior was nearly filled with a species of moss, which adhered pertinaciously to the wood. Beneath this, and partially hidden by it, were a few of the larger and harder bones. The lower jaw had fallen away, the bones of the breast and ribs were gone, and the only parts of the skeleton which remained were the skull and portions of the cheek-bones, the *vertebræ* of the neck, the spine, and the larger bones of the arms. All else of the upper part of the body had returned to the dust from whence it was taken, and in a few years more every trace of the body will disappear. It had been interred just twenty-one years."

AMERICANS IN FRANCE.—An American writing from Paris, complains that there is some excuse for the belief which prevails to some extent in Europe, that Americans are, or ought to be, black. "A native-born citizen of the United States," he says, "is generally—not always, I am sorry to say—too dignified—too much of a gentleman, to go crying through the streets, the restaurants, and the kitchens, that he is an American; while on the contrary, there is now in Paris a large number of American negroes, and a still larger number of very dark persons of a mixed Indian blood from the West Indies and South America, who proclaim everywhere that they are Americans, and thus overshadow and crowd out the small number of pale-skinned Yankees who attempt to pass themselves off as the Simon Pure. These South American Spaniards, who, so far as I know them, are very gentlemanly men, are generally very dark, and outnumber at this time the North Americans two to one. They call themselves Americans, as they are, in fact, since they come from the American continent; and thus it is that those of us who have the misfortune to bear a Northern skin in our bodies, pass for English or German. *We are the false article.*"

MORMONS IN BATTLE ARRAY.—Recent and apparently authentic accounts from the plains render it probably, nay, morally certain, that the infatuated Mormons have been deluded into a measure the consequences of which will soon bring them to realize that "whom the gods destroy they first make mad." Some seven hundred men of them, in arms along the mountain passes, have seized one of the baggage trains of the U. S. army, and have thus put themselves in the unfortunate position of open rebellion and actual warfare against the government. This is the "beginning of the end." We did not give them credit for such arrant foolishness. It cannot be that the wily leaders of this movement do not calculate on being very soon expelled from the territory of the United States. No doubt their scheme is to fight and rob to the last extremity, and then, when the government forces gather around them in sufficient strength, seek a more safe or secluded location. All the probabilities are that, in a year or two, the polygamists will be dispersed to the four winds of heaven.

FEMALE PRESENCE OF MIND.—A lady, one day, returning from a drive, looked up, and saw two of her children, one about five, and the other four years old, on the outside of the garret window which they were busily employed in rubbing with their handkerchiefs, in imitation of a person whom they had seen a few days before cleaning the windows. They had clambered over the bars which had been intended to secure them from danger. The lady had sufficient command over herself not to appear to observe them; she did not utter one word, but hastened up to the nursery, and, instead of rushing forward to snatch them in, which might have frightened them, and cause them to lose their balance, she stood a little apart, and called gently to them and bade them come in. They saw no appearance of hurry or agitation in their mamma, so they took time, and deliberately climbed the bars and landed safely in the room. One look of terror, one tone of impatience from her, and the little creatures might have been confused, lost their footing, and been destroyed.

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGES.—The series of paintings representing the most striking scenes in Dr. Kane's Arctic Voyages, now exhibiting at Empire Hall, No. 596 Broadway, New York, is well worth a visit. The paintings in themselves are beautiful, while some mechanical effects which are introduced, such as the snow falling, moonlight glittering on the ice-bound seas, the Aurora Borealis flashing across the sky, and the surf beating against the rocks, are as surprising as they are pleasing to look upon. The illustrative description given by Mr. Gayler is very interesting, and, paintings and lecturer together, bring the Polar Seas, and the adventures of the brave navigators who encountered their dangers and hardships, so vividly before the visitor, that the whole exhibition is one not less instructive than amusing. The exhibition has become already a very popular resort, and deservedly so.

A GOVERNOR IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.—The first lawful Governor has been installed in office in the Indian territory, west of Arkansas. His name is Alfred Wade—he is the first Governor of the Choctaw nation under their Republican Constitution. From a letter published in the Fort Smith *Herald*, it seems that the ceremony took place at the capital in presence of a large concourse of people, and the Senate and House of Representatives, as also of the United States agent, General D. H. Cooper. The oath of office was repeated in both English and Choctaw. The Choctaws occupy the southernmost part of the Indian territory bordering Texas and Arkansas. The Red River, which is their southern boundary, is well settled in Texas. As the Indians refuse to unite together in one common organization, and protested against a proposition made in Congress a few years ago to that effect, perhaps the idea may be entertained of separating the northern part of Texas between the 33d parallel and Red River, and uniting it with the Choctaw nation.

WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—Not the least interesting object to be seen a little to the south of Newburgh is *Washington's Head-Quarters*. The house, formerly called Hasbrouck House, was the head-quarters of Washington during the stay of the army at New Windsor. Its long, steep roof, small windows, and antiquated piazza render it a fitting monument of the period of the Revolution. Around the blazing fire of wood, in the "times that tried men's souls," stood Knox, the true as steel; Wayne, the daring; Lafayette, the chivalrous; Kosciusko, the exile, and Washington, the First in Peace or in War. There are in this house, now the property of the State, many interesting relics of Washington, and of American bravery, from the days of the Revolution down to the Mexican war, which are well worthy of a visit from the American pilgrim. Another pleasing association connected with Newburg is, that here the American army was disbanded in 1783—here Washington parted from Knox, Steuben, and Lafayette.

THE SAFEST INVESTMENTS.—In the long run, those men get to be richest, as all experience proves, who invest most of their surplus capital in good mortgages and real estate. It is astonishing how fast a fortune accumulates, even at six per cent., if dividends and rents are invested quarterly or even semi-annually. Investments in real estate securities rarely or never bring loss; and hence there is no drawback on the compounding of interest. The fact is notorious that, of the Philadelphia families which were rich a century ago, only those remain rich that keep the bulk of their wealth in real estate. No business man can afford—for any long period—to pay two per cent. for money; to demand such high rates is, therefore, not sound policy in the capitalists; and the history of the rich in this or any other city, if traced back for a hundred years, affords abundant proofs of this. It is wiser, believe us, not "to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

PROSPECT OF FORTY-SEVEN STATES.—We take the following from the Boston *Journal*: "Would any one believe, without looking into it, that we are in a fair way of carrying the number of sovereign States, originally thirteen, and now thirty-one, up to forty-seven? But so it is. In the first place, there are Oregon, Kansas, and Minnesota, whose constitutions are already formed or forming. It is hoped that they will be admitted the coming winter, making the members of the confederacy thirty-four. Then New Mexico, Nebraska, and Washington, already thriving Territories, will swell the aggregate to thirty-seven. Four new States to be carved out of Texas, according to provisions in the new treaty of annexation, will give us forty-one. Two additional States demanded from the area now included in California, would make forty-three. Arizona, Neosho, Dacotah, and Columbus Territories, carry us up to forty-six, and Utah will be forty-seven."

SINGULAR EXPERIENCE WITH A NIGHT LAMP.—A family at New Britain, Conn., retired to rest, recently, leaving a night-lamp burning in the bed-room, filled, as they supposed, with fluid. Upon awaking in the morning, they were alarmed upon discovering the room full of thick, suffocating smoke, and the gentleman was horror-stricken to perceive that his wife was as black as his hat, while the lady nearly went into convulsions at the sight of the colored gentleman beside her. The children were also little niggers, all of 'em, and the furniture of the room was turned to ebony. On examination, it was found that they had used camphene instead of fluid, and that this had deposited the sooty black that so disfigured their complexions.

FALL OF THE "BIG TREE."—The operator in the Genesee Valley Telegraph office, Genesee, sends the following despatch: "The Mammoth Oak which stood on the banks of the Genesee, west of this village, on the farm of J. S. Wadsworth, Esq., familiarly known as the 'Big Tree,' which gave title to the Indian village of that name, was laid prostrate by the storm of yesterday. The water had so undermined its roots that it was left an easy prey to the elements. Thus has passed away the 'Brave Old Oak,' which has stood the monarch of the woods. It was twenty-eight feet in circumference."

FUNNY SUIT.—A tenant of the Carroll County (Ind.) jail, at Delphi, a Mr. Brown has commenced a suit against the Commissioners of the county, for the loss of health which he sustained while confined therein, owing to the miserable condition of the jail.

NEGRO MILITARY.—The Boston papers state that a military organization, composed of colored residents of that city, commanded by Louis Gaul, and entitled the "Liberty Guard," made their first public appearance last week, with twenty-nine muskets and a cornet band. Their appearance is said to have given great dissatisfaction to the people of Boston, a large crowd hissing, hooting, and yelling at them, as they passed through the streets. At some points they were so closely pressed that the police were compelled to interfere. The parade wound up in a general row, in which several of the "colored soldiers" came off second best. The lieutenant of the company, a negro named Williams, was severely hurt by a missile thrown at his head.

A COMPLIMENT TO MAINE.—Mr. J. F. Foster, of Massachusetts, in closing a business letter to us, says: "I have travelled through Cumberland, Oxford, and Kennebec counties, and was much pleased with the great variety of lands. I have travelled in several of the western States and Territories, even to the very gates of the Rocky Mountains, and do not think that any who own good farms in Maine would better themselves by going 'out west.' I saw many fine farms that were offered at an exceedingly low price. The wood on some farms offered for $2,000, would be worth here $5,000, and the land otherwise would be worth that amount here."—*St. Croix Herald.*

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—The citizens of Richmond detached the horses from an immense broad iron-wheeled wagon, near Rockett's, and drew with their own hands the large box containing the bronze equestrian statue of Washington to Capitol Square, where it is to be erected. The statue is to be placed on the monument, and will remain covered until the 22d of February, when there will be a grand inauguration. The President of the United States and the Cabinet, the Members of Congress, the Governor and Judges of the different States, and the military and civil officers of the Commmonwealth are to be invited.

FAITHLESS SHEPHERDS.—The five thousand New England clergy have sadly neglected their flocks while preaching the gospel of Sharpe's rifles, and intermeddling with Kansas and the slavery agitation. It appears from the published statistics of the New England Congregational churches, that the number of church members is of late years annually decreasing. Thus, in Connecticut, the whole number of church members, which in 1849 was 42,070, had sunk, in 1857, to 37,929, while the baptism of children reported in these eight years averages less than three to each church in the State. Similar results are noticed in the other New England States.

A SMART OLD COUPLE.—A couple are now living in Hardwick, Vt., whose united ages are one hundred and ninety years; the man being ninety-four and the woman ninety-six. They have lived together over seventy years, their eldest child being seventy years of age. They have lived entirely alone, in the same house they have lived for forty years; the old lady doing the work for herself and husband. She can see to read and sew without the aid of glasses, and keeps her pewter plates scoured bright as when new fifty years ago. She has no carpets to sweep, but her floors are white as any young lady's.

GOLD.—Considerable excitement was lately caused at Ontonagon by the arrival of a party of Indians from the head-waters of the Menominee River, bringing with them remarkably rich specimens of gold-bearing quartz. They represent that the country was rich in the same species of mineral. Some of the leading miningmen of Ontonagon, after examining the specimens, formed an agreement with the Indians to guide them to the place from which they procured the specimens, and also to keep the matter a secret for the present. The heavy snows which have fallen will, perhaps, prevent the expedition from reaching its destination this fall.

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.—A recent report of the Emigiation Office of Canada shows that the total number of persons landed in that colony in the year 1857 was 32,325, against 22,409 for 1856. Of the whole number landed, 1,840 were cabin passengers, and 44 were born on the passage. The emigration is largely English in its character, 15,471 English being designated, against 2,016 Irish and 3,218 Scotch. There were, however, 6,119 Norwegians, 4,872 Germans, and a few hundred Swedes and Belgians.

THE DEEPEST SHAFT IN CALIFORNIA.—The shaft upon the quartz lode of Hayward and Robinson, at Sutter Creek, Amador County, says the Volcano *Ledger*, has been sunk to a depth of three hundred and fifteen feet, being in all probability the deepest shaft in the State. The lode is four feet wide on the top, and has increased until at the depth above given it is sixteen feet in width.

GOOD HUNTING.—The Norfolk (Va.) *Argus* says that Mr. Jacob Baum and Major Foreman, on Currituck beach, North Carolina, between sunrise and noon, killed one hundred and forty-eight geese! It adds that there are "millions of fowl" on Currituck beach, and that more Yankees, with their usual enterprise, are going there to make a business of shooting them for the Northern market.

AMERICAN TEA PRONOUNCED A FAILURE.—Those who have made the experiment of raising tea in this country say: "The plant will grow well enough, but wages are too high. We cannot afford to pick, roll up and dry any sort of leaves here for half a dollar a pound. In China, where a man is hired for one dollar a month, and boards himself, it may be done."

TEXAS CATTLE.—A Mr. Wheat, of Lockha, in Texas, thinks the Texas cattle trade is one of the most profitable now carried on. He purchased 500 head in Texas, at an average of $12 per head, and sold them at Chicago, in August, to a packer, at an average of $37 per head. He started with the drove in April, and reached Chicago in October. He had only seven men with him, and lost but eight or nine head. He grazed the cattle all along the route, the grass being nearly a foot high. He passed through the Choctaw country, and was kindly treated by the Indians.

GOOD NEWS.—The *Anglo-Saxon* newspaper, published at Boston, as the organ of the British population, has been discontinued.

A farmer from the town of Madrid, in Franklin Co., Maine, lately visited Phillips to do some trading, and among other things he purchased a pound of powder, which he deposited in the box of his wagon-seat. Beside the package of powder he placed several empty bags, which he had carried under his arm while smoking, and which had, without his knowledge, taken fire from a spark from his pipe. The burning bags soon ignited the powder, and just as the owner was stepping into his carriage, a violent explosion took place, the seat took a sudden elevation and was seen moving through the air in numerous pieces and various directions. Had the farmer been a moment earlier in taking his seat, his mangled flesh and broken limbs might have proved an argument against smoking.

A whole family in Bradford, Mass., have been committed to the jail in Lawrence, every member being addicted to the grossest habits of intemperance. The family consisted of a mother, 55, eldest son, 28, another, 21, the youngest, 16 years of age, and a sister of the mother. The eldest son died on Sunday, in prison, of delirium tremens, and the youngest is in a very critical state. The father died some months since in the same manner.

Two men were lately attacked upon Sideling Hill, Bedford County, Pa., by a large grey Eagle which struck its claws through the wrist of one of them, when both man and eagle fell to the ground in a deadly struggle. The other man had a gun but was afraid to use it, so drawing his knife, he rushed in and cut the eagle's throat. The bird measured nine feet between the tips of the wings.

Some idea of counterfeiting and the amount of spurious bank bills in circulation, may be gathered from the fact that the Chief of the St. Louis Police has $10,700 of counterfeit money which he has lately gathered from the scoundrels who infest that city.

A man out West, whose house was recently destroyed by fire, publishes a card, in which he thanks his fellow-citizens for making an unsuccessful attempt to save his furniture, and expresses a hope that he will soon have an opportunity to reciprocate the favor.

A beautiful iron steamship has just been finished at East Boston, for the Pacha of Egypt. She is called "Le Voyageur de la Mar," and it is said to be a remarkably fine specimen of naval architecture.

William T. Tuckerman, formerly treasurer of the Eastern Railroad at Boston, was arrested at New Haven, recently, for mail robbery. His depredations are said to have been very extensive, and the evidence of his guilt conclusive.

The census of Dubuque, just completed, shows that the population of that city is 16,967, being an increase of 3,723 since September, 1856. The number of families, exclusive of those at hotels and boarding-houses, is 2,922.

The subject of lotteries has again engaged the attention of the Georgia Legislature. The whole system was subject to a thorough examination. Lotteries were unanimously pronounced a curse and a swindle.

A catamount was killed on the Shawangunk mountain, Ulster County, N. Y., a few days since, which measured four feet six inches in length, and stood 22 inches high.

Senator Gwin is preparing bills for the organization of the Territories of Arizona and Sierra Nevada, which will be presented on the first day of the session of Congress.

Another grove of mammoth trees has been discovered in Mariposa County, California. The ordinary size of these trees is 300 feet in height, and from 10 to 30 feet in diameter.

"Died of thin shoes," is the inscription upon the monument marking the grave of a young girl, in New Jersey, and for once, no doubt, mendacious marble told the truth.

A gentleman of Pittsburg has written a drama called "Nena Sahib; or, the Demon of India," shortly to be brought out at the theatre there.

A young lady, who was urged to study French, replied that she thought one tongue sufficient for any woman.

The woman who was "buried in grief," is now alive and doing well. It was a case of premature interment.

There is a shop kept by a lady in Boston, in the window of which appear these words: "No reasonable offer refused."

Mr. Proctor's prize play of "Adelphi" was brought out at the Boston National with unequivocal success.

Bustle is not industry, any more than impudence is courage.

The cost of the Utah expedition is estimated at ten millions.

It is stated that the Post-office deficit this year will be about three millions.

One of the pleasant duties of the police is to conduct ladies across the streets!

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NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 12, '57.

THE STATE AS A FATHER CONFESSOR.

Our exchanges across the lines, the *True Witness*, the *Mirror*, and St. John's (N. B.) *Freeman*, are either laughing at, or telling some very serious truths about, the late "Day of Humiliation" in the British Provinces, and it seems in good time to test the claims of our "Thanksgiving Days," to the sufferance of the community.

In a country which asserts the right of establishing a State religion, it is clearly logical to have contrition extemporized by statute, and penance performed according to law. The English Government determines for its subjects the truth of the great mysteries of the Trinity, Incarnation, and Last Supper. Concede its ability, and title to this function, who is so competent as it to proclaim the minor matter of a feast or fast? In Prussia, Sweden, and other Protestant nations, the State presumes to tell to a shade what pleases or displeases God, and so acute is its spiritual eyesight in this respect, that, in the first-named, it ordered its believers to change their religion back and forwards some fifteen times. When the State can make God turn Lutheran or Calvinist with every change of government, is it not competent to say on what days we should fast and abstain from servile labor? Grant its authority, and you must bow to its decision.

The same may be said of the early American Colonies. They took upon themselves the privilege of spiritual infallibility, and very consistently laid down laws of spiritual decorum to be observed by their members on the Lord's and other days. The Puritans of old were reasonable: and the England, Prussia, and Sweden of the present time are perfectly logical, for they accept the premises that they have the authority to tell how God should be served, and the conclusion follows that they have also the right to punish the disobedient.

Not so with the United States. The Constitution declares that they adopt no State religion, and presume to enforce no religious duties. It leaves the Catholic free to fast and pray when he wishes, and in such manner as he may choose. It suffers John Chinaman to worship, or deface, Buddha. The Jew is at liberty to close his store on Saturday, and keep it open for business on Sunday. As for fasting and prayer—it merely guarantees all its citizens the right to do either without molestation. Where, then, do our Governors go for their "Thanksgiving Days?" Not to the Constitution, for it denies all spiritual power to our Executives. To custom, perhaps? Custom is no authority. They do not hang men because it is fashionable, but because it is lawful. To a State Law? Such a law, if it exists, is unconstitutional and could not be enforced, even in a justice court, for the simple reason that thanksgiving is a spiritual act, and quite different from drunkenness, or disorderly conduct. Our Governors, plainly, are in need of a plea for their piety—the more so when we add, that the Constitution concedes *to the people all privileges on this subject, not taken away in express words by itself.*

It were an easy matter to show where the contrary opinion took its rise. Greece and Rome made it their special care to look after the Olympians, and it seems but fair that when every man had his deity, the Areopagus or the Senatus Consultum deserved a few naturalized Gods for themselves. Their selection of the candidates was somewhat like Prussia's selection of Sects, and resulted in a State religion, and national religious *fetes*. Still, the days of municipal Gods were duly respected by the then Federal power; and the war between the Athenians and Locrians over the Delphian Apollo proves how tenacious the former were of local worship and immunities. Glorious pagans! you knew dimly the rights of conscience: and the silly Prætor who would presume to say "be sober" on a feast of Bacchus, you laughed at for his audacity!

What Greece and Rome conceded to the *Pontifices*, our State Executives arrogate to themselves. They aspire to play the two characters of Governors, and Pontiffs. They seem to think that their oath of office is also a spiritual commission. Horrible delusion, if it were not ridiculous!

Your Massachusett's man may see nothing wrong in their assumption, and even glory that they recognize a God. Don't mind him. Confused notions are an heirloom in his family.

> "His sense invites you by his looks to come;
> Knock as you will, it never is at home."

He believes in the Maine Law, and considers the Fugitive Slave Law, "damnable." He would make, as his fathers did, the State a moral Dispensary, and urge the black to fly from his master, while leading a runaway apprentice to the Penitentiary. Besides, he has so little religion of any sort, that he rather likes to have the making of it off his hands. Don't mind him.

> "By education he has been misled
> So he believes, because he so was bred."

The *gravamen* of the State's error lies here. It induces us to play hypocrites. Not wishing to appear meaner than our fellows, we close our stores while secretly regretting over the time and wages lost. We are often even tempted to blaspheme. The Gubernatorial chair, itself, is bespattered with our execrations; and the seeds are laid for a revolt against the first Police Bill which issues from the Legislature. We ask ourselves, what right the State has to make us suffer in our business if we do not believe in a God? what authority it has to say, "give thanks," if we prefer upbraiding? and receiving no satisfactory answer, we grow sullen under a yoke not of our manufacture.

These State "Thanksgiving Days" ought to be done away with. They are outlaws in the United States. They germinate from a false principle. Sunday, a universal Christian holiday, is allowed to take care of itself; and its observance shows that we can recognize Christianity without government patronage. We have no legally proclaimed political anniversaries. The Fourth of July is a creature of common consent. How absurd for the State to neglect declaring what political days should be observed, and at the same time, presume to proclaim the spiritual sort which are wholly without its jurisdiction!

Let holidays spring from the consciences of the people. You cannot grow them in a Legislative hot-house. There is the greatest possible difference between them and the Chemists' *Arbor Martis*, or *Arbor Dianæ*. They are neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral. They belong to the moral order, and as such—excuse us, Lawmakers and Executives—you have no business with them.

The *Workingman's Advocate*, of Minersville, Pa., contains a sensible article on the suppression of Eugene Sue's last work, *Les Mysteres du Peuple*. It takes the same ground in favor of the act which the TABLET did, and disengages itself from the majority of the American press on the subject.

CANADIAN DESTINY AND THE ANTI-ORANGE MOVEMENT.

Canada is rapidly ripening on the parent trunk of the Empire, and, given her social advantages and party statistics, one might calculate with almost mathematical certainty her distance from an unshackled existence. The restiveness of independence is already upon her. Every landed and commercial interest seems to see the necessity of advantages which can only accrue when the people shall have been left without imperial clogs on their inclinations. The French population, as a body, are in favor of a "Separation." So are the Irish. The only dissenters are a numerically insignificant, but otherwise important section of English and Scotch, whose leaders look to London for honors, while the remainder feel the fear of children who bear the supervision of a master, rather than lose the *prestige* of his protection. They are the Tories of this country on a new soil; and it is evident that they can no more resist the action of events, and the innate inclination to maturity in politics, than their prototypes.

The army of Canadian progress may, then, be said to consist of two wings, the Irish and French, buttressed by an uncertain number of children of English and Scotch parents, disposed to have a nation of their own, in every sense. These three classes want to fill their offices of honor or emolument without sending to London for substitutes,—they want to possess, as they ought, the immense territory which the Hudson's Bay Company forage on without improving,—they want to develope their natural resources without the least regard to British ones, or, if possible, to the extent of an even-handed competition with them—and, of course, they deserve to be successful.

For the present, however, their attention is called to another subject than "Separation." They see an unnatural and baneful influence growing up about them, which takes an Irish battle for its sibboleth, and a dead debaucher for its patron Saint. The fantastical thing is no more germane to Canada than the contests of Sylla and Marius, or the Guelphs and Ghibellines, or the Wars of the Roses. Its secrecy shows that it mistakes the neighboring Provinces for Crete or Egypt. Its mumbling of unmeaning phrases proves that it talks to the present in the mysterious language of some byegone period, whose decease it has survived, with the loss of its reason. If it stopped at this, it might be pitied and laughed at. But it is a knave, as well as a fool. It attempts to drive a political trade on the strength of vanished capital, and to make brainless travesties on the mummeries of Minos, introductions to preferment. It would have the dead Schomberg of the Boyne more honored than the living Burke of the Ottawa. It would give a place to the descendant of him who crossed the ford above Oldbridge, or fought at Londonderry, sooner than to the man who taught Canada the A, B, C, of all knowledge—to know herself, and where her strength lies. So this influence, this Orangeism—for that is the name of it—has been challenged by the aforesaid army of progress to show cause why it should not be extirpated from a country it curses, and you will find the challenge on our 13th page.

The bearer is an old friend of ours and our readers, and if we speak well of his ability and courage, we only echo what his opponents concede to him. Knowing how the best intentions may be rendered useless by an unreasoning opposition—how the heart and brain of the most patriotic, may beat uselessly against the front of a faction which prefers cliqueism to merit—how no man can call his soul his own until assured of the fact by some self-constituted judge, if once compelled by circumstances to accept the tribunal—it seems apt beyond measure that he should be the first to give wager of battle to Canadian Orangeism. He has seen and felt how religious and other prejudices may enter the political arena and declare the victor; and it behooves *him*, above any man of our acquaintance, to essay the destruction of all unnatural influences and issues, both for the sake of his adopted country, and the imperilled honesty and independence of its public men. At this distance from the scene of conflict, and so soon after its commencement, we can hazard no prophecy on the result. We know, however, that the Irish on this side of the Lakes have lost a man who *could* have served them, and who will do honor to them anywhere.

Properly speaking, the Orange question may be regarded as a corollary of the "Separation" one, for its discussion implies a series of arguments wholly local in their origin and application. We do not know that it is seen in this light by all or any of the parties engaged in it; but it appears plain that if the people condemn Orangeism because it is foreign to them, they may be supposed to allow the same test as against the Imperial connection itself. In any case, we trust the issue made in Montreal will be seconded in every place where a stand can be made. This done, our Canadian readers may rest assured that when they shall see their first national flag—unlike Persia's, which was fashioned from a favorite blacksmith's apron—it will have neither the cut nor color of an Orangeman's.

THE CATHOLIC VIEW OF THE INDIAN QUESTION.

Our French contemporary the *Journal de Quebec* gives a translation of several points in a late article written on this subject in the TABLET, and remarks that the *Univers* of Paris, and Dr. Brownson, take the same view of it that we do. The *Journal* might have added that every paper bearing a Catholic character and printed in English, with two exceptions, also agrees with us; while in the exceptional cases, a good deal may be credited to super-sensitive consciences on the matter of loyalty, a very little to feeling, and a small moiety to laudable prudence. The *True Witness*, the lesser divergent of the two, very pithily shows the suspicion which British Catholics would attack to themselves if they expressed sympathy with the Hindoos; and if we cannot accept is objection to that sympathy as an argument applicable beyond British territory, we are bound to believe that it is offered in good faith. It is a mistake, nevertheless, that every citizen must, as a conscientious duty, take the same view as the Government on all political questions; that because he is protected in life and property, he should bid "God speed" to an unjust enterprise; that because the Hon. East India Company has got a charter confirmed by her Majesty's ministry, he must swear by its distant and diluted royalty. All this is a mistake: and we require no better evidence of it than the fact, that popular feeling knocks down Cabinets and their policies every day or two—that we are not allowed to concur in crime of any sort—and that a rebel in India is, to all intents and purposes, as much a *British* subject after, as before, his revolt.

Balls and Dancing—The Abbe Hulot's Work.—There are few books which bear a more attractive title than this one lately published by Mr. Donahoe, of Boston, but at the present time, people in general would prefer reading a book, if it could be had, which pointed out a remedy for the cure of panics, or a preventative against lack of employment, to the perusal of a learned Frenchman's volume on Dancing. It may, withal, be fairly presumed that the gay and pleasure-seeking folks, especially those fond of a hop, will not miss the opportunity now afforded them of procuring one of the best books on Balls ever published.

It is not a superficial work, or a mere speculative theological essay treating of the rules of etiquette, or arguing upon impracticable theories regarding moral duties; it is, on the contrary, the production of a writer of learning and distinguished ability, who has viewed with the eye of genius the whole subject, and places before the minds of his readers its leading features, drawing the richest and most valuable citations from the writings of classic authors, Pagan as well as Christian, of ancient and modern times. An extract from it, more in point than anything we can say, will be found on our 10th page.

THE "GREAT AMERICAN SCULPTOR," CRAWFORD.

Whilst we join in the general expression of regret evoked by the arrival of this eminent Sculptor's remains in the Ship *Southampton*, it is scarcely becoming to pass remarks on the honesty of our fellow-mourners without an apology. It seems inconsistent with a proper respect to the dead for any one to interrupt by criticism the oracular outpourings of the *Keeners;* and the man who disturbs a funeral procession with declamations against the pall-bearers, is very properly pushed aside by his nearest neighbors. Here, then, is our apology. The most elaborate and best encomiums which have appeared on the merits of the deceased, Thomas Crawford, have been written by Artists. These men ought to be removed from the miasmas which mislead the judgments of other beings. They have no nationality in their world, no politics, no currents of foul opinion, and they ought to have no national prejudices. What are the facts? In all their offerings of incense—in all their showers of metaphorical tears—in all their literary hysterics, they never forget themselves so far as to mention, that the dead Sculptor *was a son of Irish parents;* that his mother, Mary Gibson, was a native of Ballyshannon, County Donegal, where many of her relatives are still living; and, that his father, Aaron Crawford, belonged to the same district! "An oversight," you say. Yes, but an *intentional* one, and this is our apology for alluding to it. George S. Hillard, of the Boston *Courier*, knew Crawford too well to be unacquainted with his origin. Most of the writers who have placed literary chaplets on his grave were his personal friends, and must have heard of that origin from his own lips. Their general silence on the subject is therefore not the silence of ignorance, and we must look elsewhere for its reason. We cannot find it in Crawford's parents, for they were duly married, and lived without getting into the State's Prison. On the other hand, we learn that his father, Aaron, "encouraged his early propensity to art." We cannot find it in the common disregard of authors about "origins," for they seek for all that interests, so much that the form—"In ——, there lived at (such a place) one (name) known to his neighbors for" (such and such virtues)—has passed into a bye-phrase with every biographical amateur. The only explanation remaining is the right one. These artist writers have got befouled with the prevailing spirit of the country which seeks to think nothing good can come out of Ireland, or if it does come, sets to work and destroys its identity to make it "American." The sweet souls, with all their cosmopolitan tendencies—with all their "Bohemian" inspirations—have got inoculated with, or fear the prevailing indisposition to see Ireland placed on the same level of honor held by Liberia. If Crawford had been the son of a negro we would have heard of it; but as he was the son of an Irishman our lachrymose artists have too much respect for his memory to breathe it into the ears of a jaundiced public. Can their praises be honest, when their candor is so dingy? Can their judgment be good, when their liberality is so wormeaten? Is, in short, Art ennobled by disciples who imitate the tactics of the Know-Nothings, or the Dead honored by friends who discard as unworthy of notice the Irish parents who begot him? These are questions which can be best answered by the partial panegyrists of New York and Boston. Our only purpose in putting them is that Art-men may not thoughtlessly become politicians. Near this great city with its hundreds of artists, a few days ago, the deserving Ranney went to his long home with but one mourner to represent his calling. Ranney had become a Catholic, and the guild deserted him. Religious bigotry is bad enough. Let us have no national or political meannesses added to it.

The Press, of course, has ignored Crawford's origin. If he had signalized himself by getting on the Police Docket he would have been written down "Irish" and graced the moral—"Here is an effect of the Irish Emigration," but as he has made himself famous, it is too base to confess that his genius and persevering industry came from God through the channel of an Irish parentage. History, however, will yet do justice to our Exodus; and we may console ourselves, meantime, with the reflection, that, if we have given our full share of criminals to American halters, we have also given, among a host of glorious reputations, that of Thomas Crawford to the lasting remembrance of the American memory.

"Civilized" Warfare.—"Civilized" warfare is a curious thing. The more you look at it the more curious it becomes. Nay, if you study it in all its phases, we dare to say it will appear anything but civilized, and gradually take to itself, under your inspection, the likeness of a barbarian.

For instance: There are *four* or *five* hundreds of hostile Indians in the quagmires of Florida. Our Government wants to kill them out. In addition to a large force of men already engaged in the work, 4,000 volunteers have been called into the field. Still, these are not considered sufficient, and the Tampa (Fla.) *Peninsular* informs us that "General Carter has arrived from Tallahassee with a reinforcement of *dogs*"—blood-hounds—and that Captains Kendrick and Snell expect to use them with effect in their expeditions. Ingenious, isn't it? The ancients never thought of it, or if they did, never acted on it. They forbade the poisoning of wells, and Alexander, forced to the necessity of using inflated cow-skins in his passage over rivers, enjoined upon his financier to pay for every slaughtered animal. Compare sentiment like this, with that of our War Department.

The Force of Bigotry—We perceive that some parties styling themselves "Ratepayers," have made a move with the view of preventing the Corporation from executing a lease to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum of a number of lots late'y awarded to it by that body. Jude Rosevelt, before whom the matter was argued, refused an injunction, very judiciously, to their application. This effort on the part of the rate-payers is instigated by bigotry, and will, undoubtedly, be unsuccessful.

The *Rambler* for November (P. O'Shea, Broadway, agent,) contains a very interesting article on the tendency of Russia towards Rome; a strong one against that literary Goth, Ruskin; a debateable one on the Deposing Power of the Pope; and a thoroughly business and Protestant one on the Chinese war. By-the-bye, does the *Rambler* forget that the said war was begun on the strength of an official lie, and that none but intellectual heathens should write on the subject—"We are not inclined to criticize with any very particular minuteness the technicalities of the precise matter at issue; the time for that is past?"

Perils of the Ocean and Wilderness; or, *Narratives of Shipwreck and Indian Captivity gleaned from Missionary Annals.* By J. G. Shea. If the disposition towards the "thrilling" must needs be catered to, this book is just what we want for our youth. The translator has fully done his duty to the Narratives—especially in the sense of *exhausting* them.

Our Australian exchanges come to us with Dr. O'Brien's lecture on "Irishism," delivered in Montreal last Patrick's Day. They speak highly of it, but not a few correspondents have already had a discussion over its subject matter.

The Daily *Argus*, a new Democratic journal published in San Francisco, Cal., has been received and placed on our list of exchanges. It is well printed, and promises to be ably edited.

The Debating Society of St. John's College, Fordham, will please accept our thanks for their invitation to attend one of their meetings. We regret that other engagements will prevent us from accepting it.

THE FAIR AND FESTIVAL OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

The Catholics of this city perform wonders in the way of charity. The Fair and Festival given by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul last week for the benefit of the poor was successful beyond the most sanguine expectations. Nearly seven thousand dollars were realized. The money thus obtained will be distributed among the most needy and deserving of the poor. Among those who deserve particular mention for their benevolent exertions in the cause of charity, were the ladies who presided over the tables from the following churches:

St. Patrick's.—Mrs. Sayers, Sweeney, Marshall, and Finnell.

St. Peter's.—Mrs. Wm. Lynch, McArthur, J. J. Staff, Sheilds, Kane, besides the Misses McArthur, Sweeney, Egan, etc.

St. James'.—Mrs. C. Toal, Melville, and the Misses Maguire, Muldoons, Hussey, Gamble, and Donnelly.

The Holy Cross.—Mrs. Connelly, Dunn, Campbell, Hughes, Kimpbell, and Murphy, assisted by several young ladies.

St. Stephen's.—Misses Cummings, and a number of assistants.

St. Joseph's.—Mrs. F. Mann, the Misses Gallaghers, Lynches, Walshes, Fagans, McDade, Booths, and others.

St. Francis Xavier's.—Misses Anderson, Mullaney, McCann, O'Brien, O'Reilly, and Smith.

The venerable Dr. Anderson, President of the Council, before the close of the Festival returned thanks to the ladies of the different tables and the members of the conferences, but in particular to Dr. Finnell of St. Patrick's, Mr. Lynch of St. Joseph's, Mr. Worth and J. J. Staff of St. Peter's, for their untiring labors before and during the Fair.

Official Report next week.

THE "TABLET" FOR THE NEW YEAR.

We propose to make the Tablet for 1858 a necessity in every Catholic family, but we cannot do this without the concurrence of our subscribers. They should pay their own subscriptions promptly, and interest themselves in increasing our circulation. When they consider that the Tablet is the cheapest weekly of its class to its readers, while it is the most expensive to its publishers—that it contains a greater amount of news than any other—that from cover to cover, in all the variety of its reading matter, nothing injurious to morality or offensive to the nicest taste, is ever admitted—they will find abundant reasons for making its success a personal matter.

DREAM BUILDING.

Air—*Shan-Van-Vocht.*

I.

In the morning of life, what hopes were mine;
In the morning of life I saw visions fine;
I saw the sons of France
'Neath th' imperial eagle's glance,
In their ships of war advance
O'er the deep broad brine.

II.

I saw their banner wave in the dawning light,
The Tri-color, that filled the Saxons with affright;
And heard the cannon-sound
Reverberate around,
While fires on every mound
Blazed through the night.

III.

I saw their marshall'd ranks on the sea-beat shore;
And heard their bugles' blast o'er the wild waves' roar;
And saw their bayonets gleam
In the day's unclouded beam;
But 'twas a fleeting dream—
For I woke—'twas o'er.

IV.

My faith was ever strong in our own good swords—
And trusting in the truth of our prophet's words,
I hoped to see the hour,
We'd rescue Erie's dower,
And Crown, from the power
Of her stranger Lords.

V.

I hoped to see our Clans have their own again;
Again to see in *Ath-un-righ* a right king reign;
To hear a surpliced throng,
Triumphant strains prolong,
Of Te Deum's—sacred song.
In each cross-crowned fane.

VI.

Oh! but the dreams were gorgeous I builded then—
Resplendent palaces of air, unseen by men—
But stern earnest came,
Like slow-consuming flame,
Leaving naught but marks of shame
To be wiped out—when?

E. P.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE—THIRTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

Washington, Dec. 4, 1857.

The hotels are fast filling up with members and visitors from all parts of the country. The excitement usual upon the assembling of Congress will be more enhanced at this time than, perhaps, it ever has been before, from the disruption in the ranks of the Democratic party, which the Kansas Nebraska bombshell is likely to cause. It is pretty well understood now, that the President has taken his stand upon the Lecompton Constitution, and leads off the South on the subject; while Judge Douglas, the father of the bill and the advocate of the rights of the people in that Territory to vote upon the entire Constitution, and not on a part of it, will occupy an antagonistic position to that of Mr. Buchanan on this question. Indeed, the rumor to-day is, in well-informed circles, that an issue has been already joined upon it by those two statesmen, and that a separation of political interests and feelings has actually taken place.

Judge Douglas arrived here on Wednesday night last, and was honored as the train approached the depot, by a salute of artillery. Last night his lady and father-in-law, James Madison Cutts, Esq., were serenaded by Vespuci's fine band, accompanied by a large number of the Judge's personal and political friends. Col. Wynn, of Illinois, welcomed him to Washington in a very handsome address to which Judge Douglas happily responded.

The new Hall of the Representatives was brilliantly illuminated on Tuesday night last with gas. Its appearance was magnificent. With all the efforts of Captain Meigs to have it ready for the session, it cannot be in a suitable condition for that purpose in time. The cost of gas for thirty minutes was $90. The numbers of desks, which are elaborately carved, and made of white oak, cost $90 each, and the chairs to suit, $60.

The result of the New York election has taken the politicians by surprise, but the Democrats console themselves for the defeat of their regular nominee for the Mayoralty, with the reflection that Tieman's election will strengthen the party in the State as well as in the city.

Sigma.

A FW WORDS FXPLANATORY TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Many complaints reach us of the irregularity with which subscribers receive their papers. This is more particularly applicable to the large cities, as Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, &c.

We request the attention of Postmasters to the fact that this is a serious injustice to us and to our subscribers, and one which we will spare no pains to trace to its proper source. When we send a bundle of papers to any Post Office, if one subscriber receive his paper all should, unless some unwarrantable liberties are taken by the clerks.

We could make specific complaints against individuals, but we withhold them for the present, hoping that this notice may be sufficient.

We see from our Canadian Exchanges that our neighbors are not exempt from similar annoyances.

THE "TABLET" IN ALBANY, N. Y:

Our Subscribers in Albany, N. Y., will be served in future with the Tablet, from the Bookstore of Miss E. O'Sullivan, South Pearl street, who has kindly consented to act as Agent in Albany. Any of our Subscribers wishing the back numbers can have them on application at Miss O'Sullivan's store. She keeps on hand a large assortment of Catholic Books, Pictures, Beads, &c.

The *Metropolitan* for December is a good number. We notice with pleasure that a new writer appears in the "Editor's Table," or, at least, an old one vivified.

The "Visitation Manual" (Murphy & Co., Publishers,) is a fine compilation, cheaply but tastefully issued. It bears the approbation of the learned Archbishop of Baltimore

The Foreign Vote.—It is estimated that there are fifty thousand naturalized voters in New York city. Of this number thirty thousand, or considerably more than half, are Irish.

MARRIED.

November the 2d, in St. Francis' Church, Cedarburgh, Ozaukee Co., Wis., by the Rev. William B. Boucher, V. uncle to the bride, Bernard Carrigan, Esq., of Cedarburgh, to Mary Campbell Williams, daughter of Mr. William Campbell Williams, of Fairmount, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF GERALD GRIFFIN.

The Pittsburg *Catholic* of the 28th ult. comes to us with the following extended notice of the complete works of Gerald Griffin, now and for some time past in course of publication by the Messrs. Sadlier & Co.:

We are not aware that these works have received that due prominence which their merit deserves. Intended in part, by the gifted and lamented author, to check the growth of immorality in this country, produced by the yellow-covered literature of the day, those chaste and elegant productions of his pen ought, at least, among *those Catholics* who waste their precious *time* in reading, what often not only enervates, but actually corrupts the mind, to supplant all such dangerous incentives. There is no parent, with the knowledge of a parent's responsibility, that will allow the child, under his tutelage, to have access to the moral-blighting literature with which the country abounds. And if the taste for light reading, as it is called, is to be indulged, which at best seems nearly useless, if not worse—it being dangerous on account of the proclivity to abuse in the present state of things—by all means, let the works be read from which no evil consequences may flow.

In this view, the enterprising publishers of the above works have laid the Catholic public, in this country, under an obligation, which we desire to see duly appreciated. Yet, in giving them their due meed of praise, we cannot but object to the manner in which those interesting works are arranged. Catholic publishers, it appears to us, should have only two objects in view—viz., their own, and that of the community's good. In an individual enterprise we need not, of course, say which should predominate. But we think, if *both* could be secured, that all facility should, by all means, be given to the *latter*. We would say, then, that those publications ought to be so got up as that each *part* should be complete in itself, and do its *own* work, and not have, in each number, one tale run into the other, without having any complete in the *separate* numbers, and in doing so, the publishers, we think, would fare as well. Acting as they have done, savors, we think, too much of that worldly wisdom which, as far as possible, should be left in the background. It is not every one that can secure for himself a complete set of those works, and yet, unless he does, they are comparatively useless and unmeaning in their present form.

We are far from imputing to the enterprising gentlemen, that reckless desire of making money by the sale of books, which some publishers manifest by *puffing* their works, that in candor, and in view of their worth, ought to be suppressed. That over anxious desire of being first in the market with an indifferent commodity, and then and there, with flash of trumpet, to summon all to the sale, comes too near to the "Peter Funk," and is beneath the dignity and honor of Catholic publishers, and the supposed real merit of their goods. Our readers will not imagine that we would not have books published and noticed *properly*, but there is a way of over-doing a thing, running it into extremes, and which is sometimes done. This, we unhesitatingly say, should be avoided. Does it ever occur to these persons, that they do not give a fair and just value for the money they receive, and often, too, by means of such flaming notices, from persons who live in the *interior*, and who have no means of forming an estimate of the work, save what they see in the newspapers, or in some other vehicle of publication? It appears to us, if the work falls short of what is said of it, and should it be bought on the strength of the publication by persons living at a distance—that it is bought under *misrepresentation*—and that there is a fraud in the sale. Let those see to it who are concerned. Most of our publishers live at the seaboard, their *advertised* publications are engaged to be sent upon order, and hence we see how easily cases of the above nature can happen in our midst.

We have been incidentally led to make those remarks, losing sight of what we proposed to ourselves in the outset. After a careful reading of nearly all the works of this sainted author, we can affirm that we never met an expression calculated to give offence to the most delicate or fastidious. To the selection of some of his subjects we might demur, but to the manner in which they are developed, and to the language used, no one can object; neither as to the style, which is of the first order; nor as to the meaning, which is chaste throughout. We can well sympathize with the young and gentle author struggling against adverse fortune, which, after God's grace, first caused him to view all subluinary things as unworthy his ambition, and to seek that alone which perisheth not. How different, how calm and tranquil in comparison to the reckless-deuce-make-care extravagance of Goldsmith! How shrinking from the expressions which Carlton uses, and which shows the unconscious (we hope so) acquaintance and familiarity with a dangerous *usus loquendi!* The one is guided and governed by the correct principles of faith. The others are loose, and think it no harm to say things, which, if good Catholics, they would shrink from. In Griffin's works (we mean of course those extant) we have that sweet beauty, which is but the reflex of the meekness and charity of the Catholic religion, where it has its full force, and its spirit well known. How accurate *he* describes the downward course of the bad Catholic, in his introduction to the "Tales of the Five Senses." At page 29, he says:

"Three or four facts, however, there are which I would have you treasure like gold within your recollection. There never was a man who abandoned the true religion until he first began to neglect it. No man ever passed with a step from devotion to infidelity. On the contrary, there never was a man who returned to his abandoned faith without beginning by relinquishing the habits of vice. Weigh well within your mind the comparative truth of those two states of opinion, one of which is acquired by initiation into vice, the other by the practice of virtue. The strongest refutation of infidelity may be found in its origin."

Every day's life confirms *this*. *Nemo fit repente malus* is an axiom and a truism, alas, too prevalent. At some future day, we will give our readers those "Tales of the Five Senses," and their beautiful Introduction. In the mean time, we say to them, to abstain from "novel" reading; to substitute instead the works of *him* who, by the promptitude of his obedience in the *religious life*, has left on record an example most worthy of imitation.

Our cotemporary evidently labors under a misapprehension with respect to the issue of the weekly parts. It would be a matter of impossibility to comprise any one single tale or more within the compass of a number without destroying the uniformity of the whole. Besides, it is not in numbers but in volumes that the writings of the gifted author are intended to be preserved in America. The parts were specially intended for large cities, to be used by canvassers. Thousands among our people who could not well afford to give one dollar for a book though wishing to procure the same, would be more readily enabled to gratify their wishes by a trifling expenditure of twenty-five cents per week, or whenever they could conveniently pay that amount. Some seven or eight volumes of the works of Gerald Griffin have already appeared, every one of which is distinct and complete in itself, and in no wise connected with those which precede or follow. Unlike Cooper, the American writer, or G. P. R. James, some of whose characters are dragged upon the scene, and forced to play conspicuous parts, with little or no alteration, through four, five or more successive volumes, Gerald Griffin never allows any of his characters a second time on the stage. When we take leave of *Kyrle Daly* and of quaint *Lowry Looby* in the last chapter of the Collegians; of the impassioned *Francis Riordan*, or of that sanguine office-seeker, *Abel Tracy*, after meeting them for the first time, the leave-taking is final, for they are never again destined to cross our path. Hence the mistake of asserting that unless a complete set of these works be secured "they are comparatively useless and unmeaning in their present form." We are glad to see that the writer in the *Catholic* fully comprehends the importance of these volumes, as well as the good effects almost certain to result from their perusal, while at the the same time we very cordially endorse the passage in which he alludes to the puffing system, convinced, as we are, that that style of doing business has been but too extensively indulged in by certain Catholic publishers in the United States.

REIGN OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Emerson's Magazine for December contains an article under the above caption, in relation to the Indian revolt, and what it justly terms the "morbid sympathy in behalf of England," which some interested parties are endeavoring, but without success, to inaugurate in the United States:

"We observe that some of our people are expending a morbid sympathy in behalf of England, at the possible loss of her Indian possessions. For ourselves, we have no feeling of the kind. We believe, atrocious as is the cruelty of the natives, as much as it is to be deplored in view of humanity, it is no other than a righteous retribution upon a Government which, for a hundred years, has fastened its remorseless power upon these delicate children of the sun. We believe India to be worse, morally and religiously, under the grim, christianizing, civilizing progress of England, than it was under its old paganism. The British rule in India was begun in usurpation, and continued in violence, and the natives have been literally ground under her heel, and if they now turn it is no more than what might have been expected.

For a hundred years, these needy, sensitive, tiger companioned, and tender creatures of the tropics—constitutionally, cruelly tenacious of injuries, artful and observant—have been taught in a terrible school. They have profited by their masters, and now begin in return to commend the bitter chalice to the lips of those who have made them to drink blood.

The reports from the scene of war are too terrible for transcription—the heart sickens at the thought of them. But the ill effect of this war is reflected upon the people of England, who seem transformed into executioners and avengers. The British press seems with expressions of the most barbarous malignity. It is only a hundred years ago that they were abusing Americans in a similar way, and it is truth to admit that the Colonies of North America had not half the just cause for revolt that these unfortunate Indians have; but we are of different blood and faith, and were never tempted to retaliate cruelty in kind.

We cut the following from the London *Spectator*. The editor is discussing the question as to what should be done with Nena Sahib, in case he should be captured alive:

"He should be captured as a matter for study, and, after exhibition in India, should be brought to England, and carefully guarded, to live out the term of his natural or unnatural life, like a monster—without sympathy. His physical health should be preserved with the utmost care, and he should live to undergo the most painful of all punishment to such a miscreant—the absence of all sympathy, and the knowledge that he was reduced to the condition of a captured beast of prey, a study for the natural philosophers of the nation he had outraged, as some compensation for forfeited humanity. He should be caged in the Tower, as the real Bengal tiger, with some of the four-footed tigers—his brethren—in cages along side of him for comparison. We do not revenge ourselves on wild beasts; we kill them out of the way, or keep them as specimens; and we cannot afford to waste the opportunity for the punishment of a human tiger as a warning, a punishment that distance from the scene of his atrocities will magnify manifold as a deterring influence. He is a gentleman, a high caste, ever susceptible of mortification by the process of degradation from the condition of humanity to that of brutality; devoid of moral feeling, probably a human idiot, and only sensitive of pride or vanity. The spectacle of his hopeless captivity will do more to deter than would the hanging of a hundred thousand of his fellows. Mere death would be no punishment to this human brute—would have no effect on the future."

Such language is unworthy a Christian press, in a civilized country, and shows conclusively the selfishness and arrogance of the Briton, who, in pursuing his own views, forgets the principles of mercy and justice. We believe, whatever may be the fate of the unfortunate prince, the civilized world will not tamely look on and witness atrocities. It will demand that man be treated as man, and not as a beast. We doubt, in this era, whether the great Napoleon could be confined, Prometheus-like, to the rock of St. Helena, without remonstrance from humane and enlightened powers.

Again we say the language of the English press is frightfully vindictive at this time, and we regret that that of America should re echo it. We surely should not be the people to indorse oppression.

In connection with the Indian mutiny, a curious poetical prophesy of Lord Byron has been recalled to light. It occurs in "The Curse of Minerva," written in 1811, against the collection of Greek marbles made by the Earl of Elgin, and runs as follows:

"Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base;
Lo! there rebellion rears her ghastly head,
And glares the Nemesis of native dead;
Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
And claims his long arrear of Northern blood."

PRECAUTIONS WITH WHICH A PASTOR OUGHT TO SPEAK AGAINST DANCING.

In saying that it is necessary to speak against dancing, we do not mean to insinuate by that, that it is always expedient to devote long and frequent discourses in the pulpit to this delicate matter. This means, in an age so corrupt as ours, is not always the best, nor the most prudent. It may produce good effect in parishes where the pastors still find some attachment to religion, some docility to their advice, and respect for their persons, where the minds of the youth have not been entirely spoiled, nor their hearts corrupted; but in parishes where the faith is becoming extinct, where Jesus Christ is despised and persecuted in the person of His ministers, where the youth, imbued with the poison of bad doctrines, seek only the occasion to shake off the salutary yoke of religion, in order to deliver themselves with security and without reserve to all their ruling passions—this means, far from producing the happy results anticipated, irritates and withdraws their minds, compromises the clergyman, and puts him out of a condition for doing good.

There are other means which a pastor can use without rendering himself hateful, and compromising his ministry.

When he has the grief to see that this abuse, so pernicious to morals, is engrafted strongly, and powerfully protected in his parish, he should undoubtedly labor to destroy it; he would fail in his duty if he did not; but to labor in it with success, he should proceed with a wise slowness, for experience proves that too much precipitation aggravates the evil, and often renders it incurable.

He should not speak of the disorder in the pulpit but when occasion offers, and as if incidentally; for to make it often the principal subject of his instruction is sometimes the means of augmenting and perpetuating it.

He ought, in the confessional, to forbid those most apt to listen to him to frequent the dance; he ought to refuse absolution to those for whom it is a proximate occasion of sin.

As to others, he ought to turn them from it by motives most apt to make impression on their minds; to show them the many dangers almost inseparable from it; to say to them with St. John Chrysostom, that the devil being called into the dance by the immodest airs, by the dissolute words and gaudy dress that accompany them, renders dancing apt to corrupt and seduce those who go to it; to remind them that they have renounced all these pomps and vanities in baptism, when, for the first time, they were admitted into communion with the church, and that they cannot participate in these sinful pleasures without breaking the solemn covenant which they have sworn in the face of heaven and earth.

In fine, a pastor should study the spirit of his flock; the knowledge he will acquire will help and direct him in the choice of the most fit means to employ, for those that succeed in one parish fail in another, where the spirit of the people is different.—*Abbe Hulot's Traite sur la Danse.*

A SECOND MOCKERY.

We perceive by several of the Canadian papers which have reached us during the course of the past week, that the farce of public humiliation, perpetrated in England some time past, is about being carried out in Canada, and that Wednesday, the 9th of the present month, was determined as the day on which the absurdity was to be perpetrated. There is here a "great and glorious" opportunity afforded to the Orangemen for the indulgement of their favorite pastimes, and accordingly we stand prepared to hear they have gone through a stupendous course of riot and debauchery, besides giving vent to the most unprecedented amount of blasphemy heard in Canada since the beginning of the world. We need not, of course, remind any just or impartial man breathing, that such a proceeding as this is a libel on humanity—a gross mockery of All-powerful Omnipotence itself—where men at the vile behests of a party of robbers, laden with the plunder and blood of millions, prostitute man's best and noblest nature by imploring the Deity in an obscene and frantic manner that the plunder and robbery may be prolonged. The whole proceeding is, we repeat, a deliberate insult to the majesty of Heaven; and we trust that no man entertaining the least regard for his soul's welfare in a future state has participated or lent himself to so vile a manifestation.

NOTHING LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew,
Which trembles in the leaf and flowers,
Is but exhailed to fall anew,
In summer's thunder shower,—
Perchance to fall within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day—
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed,
By wild birds borne or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after hour.

So with our words, or harsh or kind,
Uttered they're not forgot—
They have the influence on the mind,
Pass on but perish not.
So with our deeds, for good or ill
They have a power scarce understood,
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good.

One by one, the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.
One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dream elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one—bright gifts from heaven—
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.
One by one, thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain!
God will help thee for to-morrow;
Every day begin again—
Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy
If thou set each gem with care.]

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond!
Hours are golden links—God's token—
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

LIST OF FAILURES IN ENGLAND.—E. Seideking & Son, in the Swedish trade; liabilities, £500,000 sterling. Allen, Smith & Co., in the Denmark trade; liabilities, £100,000. Gorrissen, Huffel & Co., general merchants—in consequence of American difficulties; liabilities, £600,000 sterling. Soendsen & Johnson, merchants; liabilities, £40,000. Brocklesby & Wessels, corn importers; liabilities, £40,000. Messrs. Scott & Co., of Quenstown, Ireland, have also suspended, and their liabilities are estimated at from £100,000 to £200,000 sterling.

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

IRISH MISSIONARIES ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

Having given, in some of the preceding sketches, a cursory account of the labors of certain eminent Irish saints who were happily chosen of the Lord to carry the faith to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, I will now lay before the reader a brief notice of the collective labors of the whole illustrious brotherhood, from the pen of a distinguished historian of our own time:

"In order to convey to the reader any adequate notion of the apostolical labors of that crowd of learned missionaries whom Ireland sent forth, in the course of this century, to all parts of Europe, it would be necessary to transport him to the scenes of their respective missions; to point out the difficulties they had to encounter, and the admirable patience and courage with which they surmounted them; to show how inestimable was the service they rendered during that dark period, by keeping the dying embers of learning awake, and how gratefully their names are enshrined in the records of foreign lands, though but faintly, if at all, remembered in their own. It was, indeed, then, as it has been ever since, the peculiar fortune of Ireland, that both in talent, and the fame that honorably rewards it, her sons prospered far more triumphantly abroad than at home; for while, of the many who confined their labors to their native land, but few have left that sort of remembrance behind which constitutes fame, those who carried the light of their talent and zeal to other lands, not only founded a lasting name for themselves, but made their country also a partaker of their renown—winning for her that noble title of the island of the holy and the learned, which, throughout the night that overhung all the rest of Europe, she so long and proudly wore. Thus, the labors of the great missionary, Saint Columbanus, were, after his death, still vigorously carried on, both in France and Italy, by those disciples who had accompanied or joined him from Ireland; and his favorite Gallus, to whom, in dying, he bequeathed his pastoral staff, became the founder of an abbey in Switzerland, which was, in the thirteenth century, erected into a princedom, while the territory belonging to it has, through all changes, borne the name of St. Gall.* From his great assiduity in promulgating the Gospel, and training up disciples capable of succeeding him in the task, this pious Irishman has been called, by a foreign martyrologist, the Apostle of the Allemanian nation. Another disciple and countryman of St. Columbanus, named Deicola, or in Irish, Dichuill, enjoyed, like his master, the patronage and friendship of the monarch Clotaire II., who endowed the monastic establishment formed by him at Luthra with considerable grants of land."

"In various other parts of France, similar memorials of Irish sanctity may be traced. At the celebrated monastery of Centula, in Ponthieu, was seen a tomb, engraved with golden letters, telling that there lay the remains of the venerable priest, Caidoc, 'to whom Ireland gave birth, and the Gallic land a grave.' The site of the hermitage of St. Tiacre, another Irish saint, was deemed so consecrated a spot, that to go on a pilgrimage thither was, to a late period, a frequent practice among the devout; and we are told of the pious Anne of Austria, that when, in 1641, she visited the shrine of this saint, so great was the humility of her devotion, that she went the whole of the way, from Monceau to the town of Tiacre, on foot. Among the number of holy and eminent Irishmen who thus extended their labors to France, must not be forgotten St. Fursa, who, after preaching among the East Angles, and converting many from paganism, passed over into France; and, building a monastery at Lagny, near the river Marne, remained there, spreading around him the blessings of religious instruction, till his death."

"In like manner, through most of the other countries of Europe, we hear of the progress of some of these adventurous spirits, and track the course of their fertilizing footsteps through the wide waste of ignorance and paganism which then prevailed. In Brabant, the brothers of St. Fursa, Ultan and Foillan, founded an establishment which was long called the Monastery of the Irish; and the elegant scholar, St. Livin, whom, by his own verses, we trace to the tomb of St. Bavo, in Ghent, proceeded from thence, on a spiritual mission, through Flanders and Brabant, prepared at every step for that crown of martyrdom, which at length, from the hands of Pagans, he suffered. With the same enterprising spirit we find St. Fridolin, surnamed the Traveller,—a native, it is supposed, of Connaught,—exploring the Rhine for some uninhabited island, and at length fixing himself upon Seckingen, where he founded a church, and a religious house for females, which he lived to see prosper under his own eyes. Next to the generous self-devotion of these holy adventurers, thus traversing alone the land of the infidel and the stranger, the feeling of gratitude with which after ages have clung to their names, forms one of the most pleasing topics of reflection which history affords; and few, if any, of our Irish missionaries appear to have left behind them more grateful recollections than, for centuries, consecrated every step of the course of Fridolin the Traveller, through Lorraine, Alsace, Germany, and Switzerland."*

"Towards the close of this century (the seventh) we again find the page of Irish history illuminated by a rich store of saintly ornaments. It is highly probable that, on the return of Prince Dagobert to Austrasia, he had been accompanied or followed thither from Ireland by some of those eminent scholars who had, during his stay there, presided over his studies; as we find him, on his subsequent accession to the throne, extending his notice and patronage to two distinguished natives of Ireland, St. Arbogast and St. Florentius, the former of whom having resided, for some time, in retirement at Alsace, was, by Dagobert, when he became king, appointed Bishop of Strasburg; and, on his death, a few years after, his friend and countryman, Florentius, became his successor. The tombs of two brothers, Erard and Albert, both distinguished Irish saints of this period, were long shown at Ratisbon; and St. Wiro, who is said to have been a native of the county of Clare, rose to such eminence by his sanctity, that Pepin of Heristal, the mighty ruler and father of kings, selected him for his spiritual director, and was accustomed, we are told, to confess to him barefoot."

"But one of the most celebrated of the Irish missionaries of this period, was the great Apostle of Franconia, St. Killian, who, to his other triumphs and glories in the cause of religion, added finally that of martyrdom.† To this period it seems most reasonable to refer the patron saint of Tarentum, (in Italy,) Cataldus, of whose acts more has been written, and less with certainty known, than of any other of the great ornaments of Irish Church history. His connection with the celebrated school of Lismore, which was not founded till about the year 663, places him, at least, towards the conclusion of the seventh century, if not at the beginning of the eighth; it being evident from the mention of Lismore, in some of the numerous poems dedicated to his praise, that the fame of that school had, at the time when he flourished, already extended itself to foreign lands."‡

IRELAND A REFUGE FOR PERSECUTED PRINCES.

It seems to have been a part of the economy of divine Providence in those early ages of the Irish Church, that the secluded island in the western waters of Europe should afford a secure asylum to the persecuted of all nations. Princes fled thither as to a haven of rest and shelter when their lives were menaced in political storms at home; in the royal halls and especially in the collegiate institutions of Ireland, they found themselves safe from all pursuit, and their passions soothed and quelled by a long course of scholastic seclusion, they gradually imbibe a love for religion and a profound veneration for its ministers. Converted thus, and enlightened by grace, they in due time returned to their respective countries, and if called on to ascend the throne, edified the world by their piety, and fostered by every means at their command the hitherto oppressed Church of Christ. Thus we find Oswald, king of Northumbria, calling in the aid of his revered Irish masters to evangelize his own dominions when called by the will of Heaven to fill its throne. Not many years after Oswald's time another Northumbrian prince named Alfred,* brother of Egfrid the reigning monarch, was forced to fly to Ireland where he spent several years, and improved his time to the utmost, so that all contemporary historians describe him as a most accomplished prince, well versed in the Holy Scriptures and master of all the sciences. His residence in Ireland was a blessing to Northumbria, but it proved the reverse for the country which had so hospitably received him. His brother, Egfrid, enraged at the Irish for harboring his outlawed brother, sent a strong army into Ireland and ravaged the eastern coast for many miles, committing the most ruthless barbarities, and sparing neither age, sex, nor condition. The ancient chronicles tell, by way of showing the atrocious impiety of these Northumbrian invaders, that they spared not even the clergy. All classes suffered alike from their blind fury. Yet still Alfred remained safe in his calm retirement far beyond the reach of his unnatural brother's vengeful attempts, and a year had scarcely passed when the impious monarch was slain in an incursion into Scotland, and Alfred was recalled from his Irish college to assume the crown and sceptre.

Very soon after Alfred's accession, in 684, we find St. Adamnan, Abbot of Iona, and a kinsman of St. Columbkille (both being descended from the great Hy-Niall princes who had so long governed Ireland), sent on a mission to the young monarch in order to obtain some compensation for the late loss sustained in Ireland by the piratical expedition of Egfrid. The prisoners carried off on that occasion were the special objects of the negotiation.

Alfred received the venerable Abbot with all the respect due to his eminent sanctity, and expressed himself but too happy to be able to perform this act, not of kindness but of duty, for his Irish friends. St. Adamnan returned to Ireland loaded with the king's favors, and conducting sixty captives who had been unjustly detained in England.

Again we find Dagobert, a French prince, brought up in an Irish college, and subsequently called to reign as monarch of Austrasia, his native province. We find him bringing over eminent Irish scholars and appointing them to important episcopal sees. Dagobert commenced his reign in 711, so that on into the eighth century, Ireland was that oasis in the desert, that calm sanctuary whither strangers came from every land to cultivate the arts of peace for which they had no opportunity in their own respective countries, then each and all torn by contending factions and trampled down by the hoof of despotism. They came to Ireland, as venerable Bede says, "to pursue a course of sacred studies, and lead a stricter life."

Calm, and bright, and mellow was the halo of glory that then encircled the brow of Ireland. Rich beyond all other nations in learning and in piety, undisturbed by the storms that swept like hurricanes over the rest of Europe, she sat a queen amid the waters, loved and admired by all. Every nation was more or less indebted to her for Gospel light and for Christian civilization, and all willingly united in bestowing on her the proud title of the *Island of Saints*. The name of Irishman was then a passport to honor and trust all over Europe, and there were few amongst the princes who had not some Irish saint to edify and instruct his people. Then, if ever, might Ireland be called,

"First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

* * * * * *

"The Church of Ireland," says a modern historian, "at the close of the sixth century was unquestionably one of the first national churches in the Christian world. Its progress during the seventh century was still more rapid and successful. New and extensive seats of literature were founded—several ecclesiastical sees were established—retreats of piety and hospitality were to be seen swelling the long list of antecedent institutions, while the number of our saintly ecclesiastics became so great, that multitudes, not finding sufficient scope for their exertions at home, and, fired with burning zeal, repaired to the plains and mountains, to the cities and deserts of the Continent, where, by labors unparalleled and perseverance almost incredible, they ultimately succeeded in establishing the kingdom of Christ, and are to this day looked up to as the apostles and patrons of these remote and long since illustrious districts."†

* It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that one of the Swiss Cantons is, even now, so called.

* Moore's *History of Ireland*, vol. I, pp. 276, 280.

† See the following sketch for a further account of St. Kilian.

‡ Moore's History, vol. I. p. 286.

* This Alfred has been sometimes erroneously confounded with Alfred the Great, the Brian Boroimhe, of England. They are two distinct persons.

† Breman's *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*, vol. I. p. 122.

—In our next, MARTYRDOM OF ST. KILLIAN, A. D. 689.

NEW YORK FASHIONABLE PROMENADE—OUR FIFTH AVENUE.

Whoever has surveyed the Fifth Avenue of New York need entertain no doubt whatever concerning the sources of our present embarrassments. We venture to say that there is not such a scene of prodigality in Europe. The boulevards of Paris may surpass it in the picturesque magnificence of their sweep. The Regent's Park, London—where each block of buildings forms one harmonious whole—may appear more complete and in accordance with architectural taste than the noted resort of our upper ten, each of whom makes it a point to raise his mansion as he chooses, without the slightest consideration for the form of his neighbor's, next door. The splendid esplanade of Brighton—where three miles of gorgeous edifices, when seen from the sea, present, perhaps, the finest spectacle to be witnessed at present in the world—may have an aspect far more romantic. But in point of external extravagance and internal magnificence, ours surpasses the whole; and it must besides be remembered, that while the two last-named are chiefly of brick, the avenue consists either of marble or of equally expensive brown stone.

Let the reader cast his eye along this, or take a walk over its vast extent of three miles, and —whether native or European—he will be convinced of the truth of our statement. But even from the splendor of the outside aspect he will be able to form no idea of the extravagant profusion that reigns within. He will find it difficult to believe that actual or retired rumsellers, note-shavers, paviors and dust contractors, there exist in a style of magnificence such as is rarely to be seen in the palaces and aristocratic mansions of royalty and the oldest nobility in Europe. Could he obtain a peep still further into the interior, and observe our illustrious codfish aristocracy in their unsophisticated condition at home, he would feel convinced that most of them would be infinitely more in their natural element were they in their original log hut or primitive kitchen.

Let him enter the interior and contemplate the gorgeous array around him. He treads on carpets so soft and downy that it is almost sacrilege to profane them with a footstep. The furniture of the apartments is either imported or made after the most expensive models of Paris, London and Vienna. Pier glasses, each of which would constitute a small fortune for a poor family, adorn the walls; statuary of the richest order may there be seen, though the owner has perhaps no more taste for it than the British nobleman who returned from a European tour with the noses and ears of some of the choicest statues in Europe in his pocket; and paintings of the most gaudy hue, for which the owner has evidently paid infinitely more than that "three and sixpence a square foot," which Theodore Hook declared to be the sum given in his day for American Titians and Michael Angelos—notwithstanding that the lady of the house, possibly, could no more pronounce their names than the wife of the equally vulgar London alderman who represented tha celebrated production of Psyche by Mrs. Tighe, as "Physic by Mrs. Tigg."

The upper part of the house is commensurate. After wandering through drawing rooms profusely decorated with gold tinsel, dining rooms furnished with all the conveniences of the table fit for a Heliogobalus himself, and libraries lavishly furnished with books which are apparently never read, we mount to the sleeping apartments of the edifice, and find that they consist of bedrooms—state bedrooms, grand bedrooms, family bedrooms, visiters' bedrooms, and heaven only knows how many other species of bedrooms—under the name of the white bedrooms, the yellow bedroom, the blue bedroom, or the crimson bedroom—according to the predominating color of the ornaments and trappings with which they are furnished. All these apartments are in general made merely to be looked at, not used. The owner of the mansion occupies one of them—usually not the most gaudy —but it is evident that he would be much more at home on a straw pallias, or in the box in which he originally slept under his counter.

The divinity who presides over this establishment, however, is of the most requisite order. The husband may retain traces of all his original coarseness, but the lady is a refined production of the superlative degree. She may in her younger days have been familiar with the mysteries of sausage making, sourcrout, capable of lending an able hand on washing days. But all such accomplishments are banished now, and in their stead we find her stretched upon an ottoman, deep in the enchantment of some sickly sentimental journal, or absorbed in the ravishments of some yellow-skinned novel. Shawls, furs, ornaments, and jewelry of the most expensive order bedeck or surround her; and, so inordinate is her attachment to these, we are informed, that unless she be past the meridian of life, if her husband will not supply them she will not hesitate to seek and find a gallant that will.

Seriously speaking, we think there is need of reform in all these matters. If the owner of these establishments be of northern origin, and engaged in commercial pursuits, he is driven into ruinous liabilities in order to maintain them. If he be a southern man, they cause many an additional crack of the whip to be imposed on poor Sambo's back. The reputation and welfare of the country were much more effectually promoted when our edifices were more comfortable and less gorgeous, and our habits more in accordance with the ideas of republican simplicity. —*N. Y. Herald.*

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Indian Telegram Manufacturers.—Delhi.—Lucknow.—Havelock.—The King of Oude's Agent.—The Pope's Subscription to the Indian Fund.—China.—General Neill's Family.—Honor for "Heroes."—The Calcutta Petition.—Financial and Commercial.—Riot at Nottingham.—Opening of Parliament—Reform.—Cardinal Wiseman.—The "Crisis" in Lurgan.—Mateer again.—Rev. Messrs. Conway and Ryan.

LONDON, 20th November, 1857.

The worthies to whom is confided the duty of distilling the Indian news into telegrams adapted to the consumption of the British popular stomach though they may pretend to tell the truth cannot claim the merit of telling "the whole truth and nothing but the truth." Thus the telegraphic despatches which confirmed the fall of Delhi and announced the relief of Lucknow, remained silent with regard to the position of the relieving force under Outram and Havelock. A despatch since received at the East India House informs us, on the faith of a telegraphic communication from Sir James Outram, the besiegers are besieged in Lucknow, and have marched with heavy loss into a trap from which they cannot now escape. The insurgents, says the General in his despatch, are too strong to admit of withdrawal from Lucknow. He intended retreating to Cawnpore, but to effect that manœuvre two additional brigades and a powerful force of field artillery were absolutely necessary. The reducing of the city would also necessitate a like increase. The country between Lucknow and Cawnpore was alive with the insurgent forces, and communication was completely cut off. Therefore Lucknow is not reduced but its relievers are themselves in turn very much in want of relief. In the meantime Nena Saheb does not seem to be idle, for if we believe the accounts received, the insurgent chief is ubiquitous. He flies from place to place with almost fabulous rapidity, and, everywhere he appears, the spirit of revolution bursts forth. Like the heroes of Homer he seems to have a tutelar divinity who wraps him up in a cloud and transports him with the speed of lightning to whatever point of the revolted territory his presence may be wanted at.

The British hyena—for I must protest against the reputation of a noble animal like the lion being sullied—has left its bloody traces in Delhi. Residents of the city who had taken no part in the insurrection have been bayoneted without mercy. The English soldiers amuse themselves by shooting the natives as if they were rabbits. Sometimes to vary the sport, they tie dozens of the unfortunates together, place them against a wall and shoot them down at leisure. When I read those accounts I often ask myself if a nation so hypocritical, which under an exterior of evangelical piety and while making Scriptural quotations, commits crimes of the blackest hue can long continue thus to brave heaven and mankind. By her specious exterior England has long imposed upon continental nations but she has been found out at last and she now stands in terrible isolation without sympathy on any side.

A Bengal paper states that the force under General Havelock's command must be running short of provisions. His men had only taken fifteen days rations with them, and ten days had already elapsed at the date of the intelligence from the camp at Cawnpore. The same journal also announces that a reward of 50,000 rupees has been offered for the capture of Nena Sahib. It does not state whether it be necessary to take the Nena dead or alive. They would, no doubt, be glad to have him any way, but as the good faith of the Indian Government is well known, the would-be captors would give a proof of sagacity by having the conditions of the capture clearly understood.

General Neill, whose memory will be forever branded by the atrocious cruelty of which he was guilty at Cawnpore, and who has been so quickly sent to his account, has left a family, and the *Times* has spoken to the nation in favor of a generous provision for them. "The orphans of our soldiers," says that journal, "are the children of the nation, and their national adoption, while it is their necessary support, is also, by its associations, their pride and glory—the noblest of all family escutcheons and insignia." The family escutcheon of Gen. Neill bears a blot which can never be wiped out. Humanity will ever repudiate the acts of General Neill, whatever may be his claims upon *English* gratitude.

Honors are beginning to fall thick and fast on what the press here are pleased to call "Indian Heroes." Sir John Lawrence has been appointed Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, Havelock and Wilson, Knights Commanders, Colonels Van Cortlandt and Chamberlain, Companions. The fact is, that we were sadly at a loss for a "hero" or two among our Generals and superior officers. The sad figure they made in the Crimea rendered this hero-manufacturing process a matter of absolute necessity.

Her Majesty's *most loyal Christian subjects* (*sic*) in Calcutta, have drawn up and signed a petition in which they state their deliberate conviction, that all the Indian troubles are directly attributable to the bliudness, weakness and incapacity of the local government of India, of which the present Governor General is the responsible head. Poor John Company is in a bad way, and poor Lord Canning will never be pardoned for his "squeamishness" in endeavoring to prevent the indiscriminate massacre of the natives of Hindostan. Things will not be properly managed until we have an Empress of Hindostan—and then—well, *qui vivra verra*, as our lively neighbor the Gaul says.

Major Ouseley, of the East India Company's service, who came here some five months since as agent for the robbed and imprisoned King of Oude, has been obliged to apply for protection to the Insolvency Court.* The Major's petition has been denied on the ground that he has not resided six months within the jurisdiction of the Insolvency Court as required by the provisions of the act. I cannot say if the Major be a relative of Sir Gore Ouseley, who has been sent to your government at Washington on a mission of the "specialest" kind.

His Holiness the Pope has subscribed 1,000 francs, and the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda 600, to the Indian fund, through the medium of his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen. The subscriptions to the fund, according to the *Times*, now amount to more than a quarter of a million. It would be instructive to know how much of this sum will be applied to proselytizing purposes.

In China, matters remain in *statu quo*—on the English side at least. Much dissatisfaction has been created at Hong Kong by the blockade of the river by Admiral Seymour, and the resident merchants complain that the measure is steadily destroying the trade of the colony. The Chinese abstained almost entirely from commercial intercourse with the Hong Kong merchants. The arrival at Singapore of the French Embassy to China is announced. The announcement of the refusal to receive the Prussian Embassy at Pekin, however gratifying it may be to the organs of British opinion, I have been assured on competent authority, is at least premature.

Notwithstanding the hopes expressed before the departure of the last steamer, heavy clouds continue to darken the financial firmament. Falling stars in the shape of important failures, have been both numerous and in close succession to each other. The stoppage of a few banks has besides added to the general feeling of insecurity. The cotton mills of Preston, with very few exceptions, had stopped working. The unemployed operatives of Nottingham after having held a meeting on Tuesday, broke out into riotous manifestations. Shops were broken into and a number of watches and other valuables taken from a pawn-broker's establishment. A baker was rifled to his very last roll. Various other places were attacked, and a proprietor who attempted to defend his property grievously maltreated. Special constables were appointed, and the magistrates prevented the holding of the adjourned meeting. How pleasant it is to have a Prime Minister who, in the midst of external troubles and internal commotion, can lay his hand on the place where his heart ought to be, and with a radiancy of countenance produced by truffles and champagne, declare that "All's Well!"

The Queen has issued her proclamation summoning the hereditary and elective wisdom of the country to meet on the first Thursday in December for "the dispatch of divers urgent and important affairs." The Lords spiritual and temporal, knights, burgesses, &c., have plenty of work before them, but they will, no doubt, as usual, find out "How not to do it."

The advocates of Parliamentary Reform, the ruling spirit of whom is Mr. Roebuck, have published an address to the people of the United Kingdom, submitting for their approbation a scheme of reform. The principal points of their plan are: the vote by ballot, the abolition of the property qualification, and a triennial parliament.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has been spending some days on a visit to the Duke of Norfolk at his Grace's historical castle of Arundel. A number of distinguished guests, among whom were many Catholic notabilities, enjoyed at the same time the princely hospitality of the Duke.

The commercial classes of Ireland have met the crisis in Ireland in a manner worthy of envy by their brother merchants here and in Scotland. The financial tornado has found them in general prepared to meet its fury, and is passing over them without doing any notable injury. Had the agriculturists the shield of a law which would give them some right to the soil they cultivate, the dear old island would leave many more boastful countries behind her in the path of material advancement. But alien landlords continue their diabolical game of eviction. A riot has taken place in Lurgan in consequence of the opposition of the weavers to the introduction of the power-loom. The factory and dwelling-place of a Mr. Malcolm were attacked, and the police had to resort to their guns. Several persons are said to have been wounded and one shot. Two of the rioters had been arrested, and by the last accounts tranquillity was restored. The orderly tradesmen of Lurgan are not to be blamed for this riotous manifestation which, as I have learned from a local source, was the work of worthless individuals ever ready to create a tumult for their own private ends. The "Evangelical Mateer" and his colaborers very nearly succeeded in exciting a riot in Belfast on Sunday last.

A more serious affair has been prevented by the Rev. Mr. Conway, one of the objects of the Attorney-General's particular attentions. With incomprehensible impudence the authorities sent a troop of the 1st dragoons to Ballinrobe, to assist at the arrest of that Rev. gentleman. The troop would certainly have been sacrificed to the just indignation of the peasantry had not the Rev. Mr. Conway proceeded immediately to Dublin, while the military were on their way to arrest him. He soon made his appearance in the Four Courts, and an appearance to the indictment was entered on his part, by his solicitor. The dragoons, not finding Father Conway in Ballinrobe, continued their wild goose march to Westport, to have a subpœna served on the Rev. Mr. Ryan. The Rev. gentleman, when called upon, presented himself, and accepted the "service" with the greatest equanimity.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Belgian Affairs.—The New Ministry.—Dissolution of the Chambers.—The Emperor's letter to M. Magne.—Rising of the rate of Discount by the Bank of France.—The PATRIE *warned.—Meeting of the Corps Legislatif.—Funeral of the Minister of Justice.—Biographical Sketch.—New Publication.—The Abbe Barrere.—Catholic Items.*

PARIS, 16th Nov., 1857.

Our Belgian neighbors have at length succeeded in conjuring up a phantom ministry, destined but to appear and pass away. The principal persons of this ministerial *pis aller* are Messrs. Charles Rogier and Frere-Orban. The organs of the self-styled liberal party are most anxious that their faction should not be confounded with the republicans who, they assure us, have not the slightest influence in Belgium. However insignificant the number of the Belgian red-republicans may be, it is the height of ingratitude for the very liberal party of M. Charles Rogier to insult the republicans who, if they could not give his party a great number of votes, gave at least all they could.

The first session of the new Ministry has also been its last. A royal decree dissolved the Chambers and convoked the electors for the 10th of next December. The 15th is the date assigned for the meeting of the Chambers which shall have been elected at the general elections. The reports circulated by some of the friends of this Ministry of a day, that the Catholic party was discouraged and had resolved not to take any part in the next election are entirely without foundation. On the contrary, it is the intention of the Catholics to present the deputies now going out of office for re-election in December and to leave no legitimate means untried to return them. I think that their success can be safely prophecied. I have great confidence in the natural good sense of the country districts which is not warped by the theories that turn the heads of the half-educated bourgeoisie and workmen of the great cities. The Dedecker Ministry may well be accused of weakness but the most pusillanimous figure in the pitiful picture that the admirers of *English* liberty in Belgium has presented to Europe, is certainly the phantom-King, Leopold. Without courage to support the cause of law and the constitution to which he owes his mock sovereignty he only finds two alternatives: to give way to the current of illegal pressure, or to abdicate.

The Emperor has addressed a letter to the Minister of Finance on the financial position of the country. The English journals will have already given you a translation of the document before the arrival of this letter (which goes per *Fulton*). The Press here has very little to say with regard to the Imperial missive, and to say the truth, there is nothing very remarkable in it. The *Debats* believes that "such language is sure to be received with satisfaction by the public;" the *Pays* has no doubt that the Emperor's words will encourage the frightened. The Bank of France has published an *avis* announcing that after the 11th the rate of discount would be raised to 8 per cent. for paper having one month to run, 9 for two months and 10 for three months' bills. The *Patrie*, a semi-official sheet has received a warning in consequence of having published an article on the present financial position of France, in which, among other measures, the writer called for an obligatory currency of Bank of France bills.

The Corps Legislatif is convoked for Saturday the 28th November.

The funeral of M. Abbatucci, Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice, took place on Saturday with all the official pomp prescribed by the decree of the 24th Messidor, year XII, and at the expense of the public treasury. The mournful cortege left the Hotel of the Ministry of Justice about eleven o'clock, and directed its steps towards the Church of the Madelaine. All the military of Paris were under arms, and commanded by Marshal Magnan. The chief-mourners were the three sons of M. Abbatucci. In the procession were the Marshals and Admirals of France, the Ministers of Foreign Courts, the Judges of the Court of Cassation, and the Court of Paris, the Faculties of Law, Medicine, the Inspectors of the Academy of Paris, &c. The Cure La St. Madelaine officiated in his Church.

M. Abbatucci was born in Corsica, on the 22d December, 1792. He was the nephew of General Charles Abbatucci, who was killed at Huningen on the 2d Dec., 1792. M. Abbatucci was a pupil at the Lycee Napoleon, in Paris, and studied law at Pisa. In 1815, he was appointed Procureur du Roi in Corsica, and afterwards Counsellor to the royal court of Bastia. In June, 1830, he was elected Deputy from Corsica, and after the Revolution of July, he was appointed President of the Chamber at Orleans. He was defeated in the elections of 1831, and did not re-appear in the Chamber until 1839, from which time, up to 1848, he occupied a bench on the Left. He was then appointed Counsellor to the Court of Paris, and subsequently obtained a seat in the Court of Cassation. He retired in 1849, and was a member of the Constituante and Legislative Assembly. After the *coup d'etat*, he was a member of the Consultative Commisssion, and was made Minister of Justice in January, 1852. He was named Senator on the 2d Dec., 1852, on the 8th of the same month Commander of the Legion of Honor, and Grand Cross in December, 1855. M. Abbatucci leaves four children, each occupying a high position in the law, the army, &c. He is the fifth minister who died since 1852. The others are Ducos, Minister of the Navy; Saint Arnaud, Minister at War; Bineau, Minister of Finance; and Fortoul, Minister of Public Instruction.

The remarkable pamphlet lately published in London entitled: "*A full exposure of all the horrible tortures inflicted on the Natives of India by the Officers of the East India Company*," has been translated into French, and is nearly ready for publication here.

The Abbe Barrere, author of a work on the religious monuments of Agenais, has been honored by a brief from his Holiness Pope Pius on the subject of that publication.

Abbe Regnier, formerly professor in the High School of the Carmelites, has been appointed to deliver the Course of Scripture in the Theological Faculty of the Sorbonne.

By an Imperial decree dated 5th November, 1857, the Abbe Lavigerie, Doctor of Theology, is appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History of the Theological Faculty of Paris.

A most touching sight was furnished me the other day in the funeral of the good Sister Victoire, who died in the military hospital of the Gros-Caillou, where she had fulfilled her mission of mercy. She was but twenty-three years of age. A great number of religious were in the procession and a large crowd of Zouaves, Grenadiers, Chasseurs, Lancers of the Guard, and infantry of the line, who followed with sorrow to her last resting-place the young Sister who had so often been a ministering angel to many of them.

The *Journal de Rome* announces the death of Monsignor Allato Barbolani, Count of Montanto, Patriarch of Austria, and Almoner to his Holiness. The *Regeneracion* states that the Marquis de Viluma is to represent Spain at the Holy See. His Holiness, in return for a present of a painting by Murillo, representing the *Prodigal Son*, made him by Queen Isabella, has charged M. Mon to present to his Sovereign on his arrival in Madrid a magnificent Mosaic representing the same subject.

A provincial Council is to meet at Rheims on Wednesday, 18th current. The Council will be presided by His Eminence Cardinal Gousset, Archbishop of Rheims; the Bishops of Soissons and Laon, Beauvais, Chalons and Amiens, will be present with the delegates of their respective chapters.

A letter from Marseilles states that the monument in course of execution on the Boulevard du Nord, in honor of Mary Immaculate, will shortly be inauguratad. The columb which is of Carrara marble, is five metres high by one in diameter.

GREAT MEETING IN MONTREAL.

NOMINATION OF MR. T. D. McGEE.

[NEW ERA EXTRA, DEC. 2.]

Yesterday it was announced that a meeting was to take place in the Bonaventure Hall, in the evening, the object being to select a representative for the Catholics of Montreal at the ensuing election. The meeting was densely crowded in every part, several hundred persons having to depart, disappointed of admission; but the utmost order and greatest unanimity prevailed.

Dr. Howard occupied the Chair, and exp'ained to the meeting what they had to consider was the selection of a man to represent the Irish cause in the new Parliament. They all saw the necessity of such a step, and he had no doubt but that they would find the fitting representative before the meeting would conclude. (Hear, and cheers.)

M. Doherty, Esq., Barrister, next addressed the meeting. He said they all knew the object for which they came together, and he was certain that object would be carried out. (Cheers.) The Irish Catholics of Montreal had never been properly represented in Parliament; but now was the occasion when they might effect this object by their own endeavors. (Applause.) The gentleman who would come before them to-night was a person well worthy of their support, and one in whom their confidence would not be lost. To secure their object, all they had to do was to remain together, to fight for a faithful representative, to return him, and then they had accomplished a great aim. Although he addressed these words to the Catholics of Montreal, he did not mean to be exclusive or one-sided; on the contrary, he would desire that all should co-operate for the purpose of returning a man who would be true to his principles and statements. Mr. Doherty concluded by proposing the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Irish portion of the population of Montreal, reckoning, according to the last Census, fully one-third of all its inhabitants, is, on every principle of equity and justice, entitled to name one of the three members, allowed by law, to represent this city in Parliament.

The motion was seconded by Mr. P. Ronayne, and adopted by acclamation.

Moved by Captain Bartley, seconded by Mr. McCready:

Resolved, That the industrial and social interests of the Irish portion of the population demand their union as one man, in the assertion of their rights, and the support of their own candidate [whoever he may be]; and that the decision of this meeting, representing as it does our entire people, shall be considered strictly binding on every Irishman in the city.

Bernard Devlin, Esq., Barrister, here rose and, in an eloquent address, proposed the following resolution:

Resolved, As the unanimous sense of this meeting, that Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Esq., be requested to allow himself to be put in nomination as our candidate for Montreal in the approaching contest.

He stated that the Irishmen and Catholics of Montreal could have no better representative than Mr. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. (Applause.) When all the other great sections of the community could support representatives, it would be extremely singular if the great Irish population of this city could not return their candidate. This gentleman was not only well known in Montreal, but was known and respected throughout the Provinces. (Cheers.) Some in this city would not be known were they thirty miles from it; but the gentleman of whom he spoke was already a public man in Canada, and when elected would give all his general information and acquaintance to the support of the cause which the Irish Catholics had at heart, and which Mr. McGee would faithfully and honorably represent.

Mr. Battle, one of the audience, here rose and proposed Mr. Bristow, in connection with Mr. McGee, as a proper person to represent the Irish Catholics of Montreal.

The proposition was received with the greatest coldness; and, having no seconder, the resolution fell to the ground. On its being explained to Mr. Battle that the Irish only claimed to name one candidate, he withdrew his motion.

Mr. Devlin said it was only due to the gentleman named, to say that he (Mr. D.) believed Mr. Bristow had given no authority for his name being mentioned.

Mr. Devlin went on. He said that some persons thought Mr. Thomas D'Arcy McGee was a stranger in Montreal; but when he was introduced to them by 20,000 Irishmen, it was no bad guarantee that he was not entirely unknown. (Applause.) Although a powerful body, the Irish Catholics of Montreal had never been consulted in matters of political interest; but it would be seen what would be the success of the man who consulted them, gave them his views and principles, and, what was more, would abide by them in Parliament or out of it. (Great applause.) Mr. Devlin concluded amid loud applause, by proposing the resolution.

Mr. Lanigan seconded the resolution, and expressed himself delighted at the opportunity now presented to himself, and which would shortly be presented to the Catholics of Montreal. (Cheers.)

The proposition was put from the Chair, and carried with unanimous approbation.

Mr. McGee here entered the room with the committee sent to inform him of his nomination, and his presence was the signal for successive cheers. Having taken the stand, the Chairman said—

Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing to you *our* candidate. (Renewed cheers.)

Mr. McGee then spoke substantially as follows:

Before I say anything on other topics, let me ask here publicly—though I have been personally made aware of it before—is your nomination unanimous? (cries of "yes, yes,") and do you believe and know that the decision of this meeting is in accordance with the will of the Irish inhabitants of the city at large? (Renewed cries of "yes, yes.") Then I accept your nomination. (Cheers.) I accept it; and if you will stand to me, I will stand to you, and we will fight this battle to a glorious termination. (Renewed cheers.) Gentlemen, you have placed me in a proud position to-night, and would be a very insensible piece of flesh and blood—which I am not—if I did not feel it beyond the power of expression. I will not repeat the hackneyed phrases which every public meeting receives from every public man on such occasions; I will only say I deeply, deeply thank you for this extraordinary proof of your confidence, and that I will endeavor to deserve it.

You know that in our community there are several gentlemen far better fitted for the position in which you have placed me than the humble individual who addresses you, but we also know that from personal or professional reasons, those gentlemen would have been unable at present to accept it. With an editor politics is a profession, and I feel that it is more owing to this fortunate accident of my position—of my public life being in the line of my daily pursuits—than to any merits arising in myself that I am indebted for the honor of your nomination. (Applause.)

With these few words I might properly bow myself off the stage, but with your permission, gentlemen, I will briefly allude to the general question. And first, let me remark, that the call for this meeting, though addressed to the Irish electors, was only intended, as such, to get together, to get the voice of our whole class. You have acted in no exclusive spirit, and in no exclusive spirit do I accept your nomination. If I am returned to Parliament, through your choice, I must consider myself bound to represent, to the utmost of my ability, the whole city. (Cheers.) The interests of Montreal, the interests of the Province would become my daily care as they have long been my earnest study. (Cheers.) To obtain for this city the carrying trade of the north-western States—to encourage in Canada manufacturing industry of every description—to systematize and accelerate the settlement of the back country—these will be both from choice and from conviction the object of my efforts. I cherish a high ideal of the office of the Legislator, the desire of which has been called by a great Historian, "the highest earthly ambition of the ripened human intelligence;" I cherish a high ideal of what the Parliament of a young country like this ought to be, ought to do, and to set the example of doing. (Cheers.) This ideal I will resolutely endeavor to approach, and the city of Montreal will find—should your action of to-night come to the fruition you desire for it—that its *Irish* representation will not be the least anxious, and I hope not the least effective advocate of her general interests, commercial and municipal. (Cheers.) I may be supposed by those who don't know me to be a very excitable individual—especially when I see a yellow color displayed in the dog days (laughter), but I have seen too much of the world, if I were not naturally disposed otherwise, to sacrifice the charities of life, or the dictates of public duty, to any selfish or sectarian views. (Cheers.) I have been all my life an enemy of intolerance of every description, and I rejoice to-night that you are asserting your dormant rights against the intolerance of party management, which would leave you no figure in the political arithmetic of the city. (Applause.) We will, I trust, show to all parties that we are able to take council and to take care of ourselves; and that our suffrages are in no man's pocket. I have been shocked by hearing from time to time, that Mr. A. or Mr. B. "is sure of the Irish;" and I pronounce that slavish imputation a foul calumny on our population. (Great applause.) This time we are for ourselves, and it is on record what the Irishmen of Montreal can do, when they put forth all their strength. After again returning thanks, Mr. McGee sat down vociferously cheered.

Moved by Mr. James Sadlier—

Resolved, That a Committee of one from each Ward be appointed to nominate a General Committee for the city, to be constituted as follows: For St. Ann's Ward, 9; St. Antoine's, 7; St. Lawrence, 7; St. Lewis, 5; St. James, 5; St. Mary's, 7; East Ward, 3; Centre Ward, 3; and West Ward, 5 members. And that this General Committee have power to elect the Executive Committee out of their own members; the proceedings of both to be reported at a Public Meeting called for that purpose.

He said there was probably no person present who knew their candidate longer than himself. He had known him since the first day almost of his arrival in America. It was at Boston, on a Fourth of July, many years ago, at one of those Repeal Meetings, so usual in those days, and in presence of several thousand persons, that a boy rose to address the meeting; he stirred their hearts; he brought down the house, and received the warmest praise from the President of the assembly. That boy was their present candidate. (Cheers.) Men ask what has Mr. McGee done? He has delivered in North America over 700 public lectures; he has edited 10 volumes of newspapers; he is the author of eight or ten books, every one of which, and every act of his life has been devoted to Ireland and the Irish, at home and abroad. (Cheers.) He (Mr. Sadlier) had never gone personally into any contest before, but he would enter into this one heart and soul, and when the Irish of the city were united, as they now are, there is no such word as fail. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Henry Kavanagh seconded the resolution for the appointment of a Committee, and the gentlemen composing it were then named, by Wards, each name being received with a round of applause.

On motion of Mr. Sadlier, Mr. Henry Kavanagh was called to the second Chair, and a vote of thanks was moved to Dr. Howard for his able conduct therein. Mr. McGee seconded the motion, observing that to Dr. Howard they were largely indebted for the gratifying unanimity of their proceedings. (Applause.)

The meeting then separated. On reaching the street, they made the welkin ring with "three times three cheers for our candidate!"

CITY NEWS.

THE CHARTER ELECTION.—The long talked-of Charter Election, about which so much has been said and written for a month past, has been at length decided, resulting in the election of Daniel F. Tieman as Mayor for the coming year. The intense excitement manifested by the contending parties led many persons to suppose that evil consequences would follow; but we are happy to be enabled to say that such has not been the case. Everything passed off with the utmost quietness, and we fearlessly make the assertion, that in no other city in the world could 84,234 persons (the largest vote ever cast in the city of New York), every one of them enjoying the rights of suffrage—be made to come forward and record their opinions in a more inoffensive and peaceable manner. At the close of the polls the official votes for Mayor stood thus: Wood, 40,952; Tieman, 43,282, giving the latter a majority of 2,330, which certainly was not much when we take into account the various methods by corruption and other means resorted to by the friends of Tieman. One particular feature distinguished the recent election which was never before perceptible; it is this, that the contest resolved itself into a conflict between the wealthy and the poorer classes, between the financier of Wall street and the struggling mechanic of less pretentious quarters. As Catholics we have little sympathy with Mr. Tieman, owing to the overbearing and rampant bigotry displayed by him some three or four years ago in demolishing or causing to be demolished an Altar erected for the use of the Catholic children at Blackwell's Island by Edward C. West, who, we are happy to state, has been chosen Surrogate for the coming year, and who happened to be, at the period referred to, one of the Alms House Governors. Mr. West very considerately and wisely concluded that, in an institution where the great majority of the children belonged to the Catholic faith, it was both just and necessary that they should possess an Altar of their creed, and caused one to be erected. This outrage on Protestantism the vigilant Tieman would not tolerate, but instantly caused such a commotion to be raised that the Altar was forced to be removed. However, as this affair belongs to the past, we are satisfied to let the matter rest, provided Mr. Tieman will not allow himself to become the representative of a clique, instead of the just and impartial magistrate of a great city, as well as the friend and advocate of its poor. His supporters promise much on his behalf. If but a tithe of such promises are fulfilled, New York will become an Eden for the next twelve months—a veritable Elysium in which to dwell.

PAYING A WAGER.—S. A. Gilbert and James Brown laid a wager on the result of the late election for Mayor. Whichever of the parties lost was bound to saw a load of wood, consisting of twenty-five sticks, in front of the Girard House, corner of Chamber street and West Broadway. Gilbert lost, and, accordingly, on Thursday, the 3rd inst., he repaired to the place specified, and, in presence of an immense concourse of people, accomplished his task. Brown was also in attendance with a lump of beef grease for greasing the saw, as well as to hand the wood, both of which duties, to use a newspaper phrase, he performed in the most efficient manner. During the entire wood-sawing operation the crowd never ceased bandying jests, and giving vent to a variety of exclamations, such as "Hurry up that wood," "I'll give you six pence an hour," &c., &c. A photograph of the whole scene was taken, and at the conclusion Mr. Gilbert was presented with a bouquet and a ring by a lady. During the performance of his task, our model wood-sawyer was arrayed in a blue shirt or overall, and beside him was a banner, inscribed with the words "Fernando Wood." The windows of the Girard as well as those of the neighboring houses were crowded with spectators, who evidently enjoyed the "fun."

DENOUNCING THE FREE ACADEMY.—At a recent meeting of the Board of Education several of the members of that body denounced the Free Academy as the greatest humbug in the educational system of New York, and concluded by stating "that several valuable hours are spent at every meeting of the Board in discussions on that institution to the neglect of more important business." Candidly speaking, we never had the least confidence in the Free Academy, and we have no doubt but it will prove in course of time precisely what it has been termed.

PASS IT ROUND.—On Saturday last a gentleman named Reed lost his pocket-book, containing money and checks to a very large amount. Richard Walsh, a porter in a house in Broadway, found the same, and without loss of time went in search of the owner and handed him his property. Can the Confessional which fabricates honesty like this be a useless institution in a commercial community? A noble Spartan would have pocketed the pocket-book and said nothing about it.

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.—An interesting little girl six years of age, residing with her parents in Twenty-fourth street, was accidentally shot last week, owing to the premature discharge of a pistol in the hands of her father. The family are in the deepest distress.

CITY MORTALITY.—There were 413 deaths in this city last week. Of this number 279 were natives of the United States, 77 of Ireland, 33 of Germany, and 17 of England. The rest belonged to various other nationalities.

A proof of the carelessness displayed in the erection of buildings in this city was afforded on the evening of Wednesday, the 2nd inst., by the fall of a Malt Brewery in West street. Several laborers were engaged about the premises at the time, two of whom were instantly crushed to death, while a third was severely, but we rejoice to add not fatally, wounded.

An exchange broker named Werner, doing business at No. 93 Greenwich street, was robbed of six thousand dollars on Thursday morning last, by an experienced and daring thief who entered the premises while Mr. W. was engaged in taking down his shutters. No clue has as yet been obtained of either thief or money.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour—The market, under the influence of the foreign news by the America, combined with a prospect of increased receipts and a limited demand, was heavy, and closed at a further decline of about 10c. per barrel. The sales were confined to about 6,000 or 7,000 barrels, within the range of the following quotations:

Superfine State	$4 [illegible]@4 80
Extra State	4 8[illegible]@5 10
Western and Ohio superfine	4 [illegible]@4 80
Extra Ohio and Western	5 [illegible]@5 75
Canadian superfine and extra	4 [illegible]@5 25
Baltimore, Alexandria and Georgetown	5 [illegible]@5 25
Southern fancy and extra	5 [illegible]@5 75
Choice extra family and bakers' brands	6 [illegible]@6 50
Rye flour	3 40@4 25
Corn meal	3 50@3 70

Wheat—The market was heavy and prices unsettled. The sales embraced about 8,000 or 10,000 bushels, included in which were red Tennessee at $1 22, white Southern at $1 28@$1 40, and Milwaukie club at $1. Corn—Holders of Western mixed demanded 90c., while sales of about 10,000 or 12,000 bushels, including mixed Southern, new and old yellow, were made at 80@83c., from store and delivered; new Southern do. at 75@78c., and Jersey new at 70@75c. Rye—Sales of about 2,500 bushels Northern were made at 76c., delivered. Barley was at 70@80c., and barley malt at 90@93c. Oats—The market was dull, with small sales of State at 45@48@50c.

COFFEE—Sales of 400 mats of Java were made at 15¾@16c., four months, with 300 bags Rio at 9¼@11c.

COTTON—The foreign news unsettled and depressed the market, and as dealers were disposed to await the receipt of the America's mails, no sales of moment were reported.

HAY—Sales of some 1,500 or 2,000 bales were made for shipping at 55@85c.

HOPS were dull, with light sales; new crop at 6 @8c.

LIME—The market was steady, with moderate sales of Rockland at 85c. for common, and at $1 for lump, and 700 bbls. common were sold, deliverable in Newark, at 80c.

MOLASSES—Sales of 8 hhds. and 20 tierces Cuba muscovado were made at 20@24c.; about 100 hhds. do., at 21c., and a small lot Porto Rico at 25c.

NAVAL STORES—Spirits of turpentine were in fair demand, with sales of about 300 bbls. at 43c., cash; common rosin was in fair request, with sales of 1,000 bbls. at $1 35 per 310 lbs.

OILS—Linseed was in better demand at the present low range of prices, and the sales embraced about 15,000 or 20,000 gallons American Linseed at 58@58c.

PROVISIONS—Pork—The market was quite dull and sales confined to about 200 or 300 bbls., including new and old mess at $18, with a lot under weight at $17 50, and prime at $16, and some under weight at a less figure; clear mess was at $19, and thin do. $16 75. Beef was in good supply and heavy, with sales of about 125 bbls., in lots, at $5 75@$6 75 for country prime, and $9 @$10 for mess do.; $11 50@$13 25 for repacked Western, and at $14@$14 75 for extra do.; plain and extra mess ranged from $13 25@$14 50; prime mess was nominal at $20@$23. Bacon was dull, with small sales of Western smoked at 11¼@11¾c.

SUGARS—The market was without change of moment in price, while sales embraced about 600 hhds.

TEA—Sales went off heavily, especially for the lower grades, while several lots were withdrawn. The market with the trade was flat and transactions moderate.

WHISKEY—The market was easier, with sales of about 400 bbls. at 22¾c.

EDUCATION.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy, 237 Fourth Street.

THE object of this Institution is the Christian Education of Children. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two Sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The Course of Instruction comprises the Elementary, and all the higher branches of English Education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Bookkeeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music—Vocal and Instrumental	12
Do (with Piano) do	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The uniform of the Institution comes to $9 or $10. dec6 tf

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance	$100 00
Washing	12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above	50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter	12 00
Guitar " "	12 00
Painting and Drawing	6 00

No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag3 3m

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

THIS Institution is pleasantly situated on the Hudson River, eight miles from the City of New York, and of very easy access by the Hudson River Railroad, and also by a line of Stages from the City.

Terms:

Entrance Fee	$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum	180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents. Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.	

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

Instrumental Music, Spanish and German Languages form extra charges.

For further particulars address

BROTHER STYLIEN, *Director.*

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance.*

Classical Course per session of ten months	$1 75
Commercial " " " "	1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.

jn6 3m

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

EDUCATION.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is $150

For Students not learning Greek or Latin 135

Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra 15

French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum 20

Music, per annum 40

Use of Piano, per annum 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SINSINAWA MOUND COLLEGE,

WISCONSIN.

THIS Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, is situated in the Southwest corner of the State of Wisconsin, ten miles from Galena, Illinois, and six from Dubuque, Iowa. It occupies the most healthy and picturesque site in the West.

The numerous Railroad and Steamboat routes in the West render it easy of access at all times.

The government is mild and paternal, and directed at all times to promote the Moral and Intellectual improvement of the Pupils.

The Collegiate Year consists of Two Sessions of five months each; the first commencing on the first Monday of September in each year, and ending on the Saturday after the first Monday of February; and the second beginning on the second Monday of February, and closing with a public Exhibition some time in the beginning of July.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per session	$60 00
Stationery and Books	7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding	10 00

Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
sep19 1y *President.*

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

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At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, MR. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN,
ag29 tf Catholic Pastor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.

ag29 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,

No. 44 SECOND ST., N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

IN its present new location, this Academy, owing to the labor taken to render everything as perfect as possible, affords all the inducements that can be desired in a Catholic institution.

TERMS—High Class, including the use of Books, per annum.

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1857. 1857.

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ATMOSPHERE,	Pray,	2,000
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BELLE WOOD,	Tucker,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CITY OF MOBILE,	Marshall,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
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CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
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GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodles,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hadley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,000
NEW SHIP,	Freeman,	2,800
OWEGO,	Stevens,	1,000
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,540
SARATOGA,	Trask,	1,700
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The Ships of this Line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any other Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

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Persons wishing to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

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Scotland.—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England.—Messrs. GLYNS, MILLS & Co., Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter, post-paid

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40 Fulton Street, New York.

GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

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EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany St., Boston.
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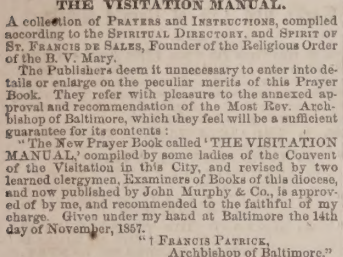

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